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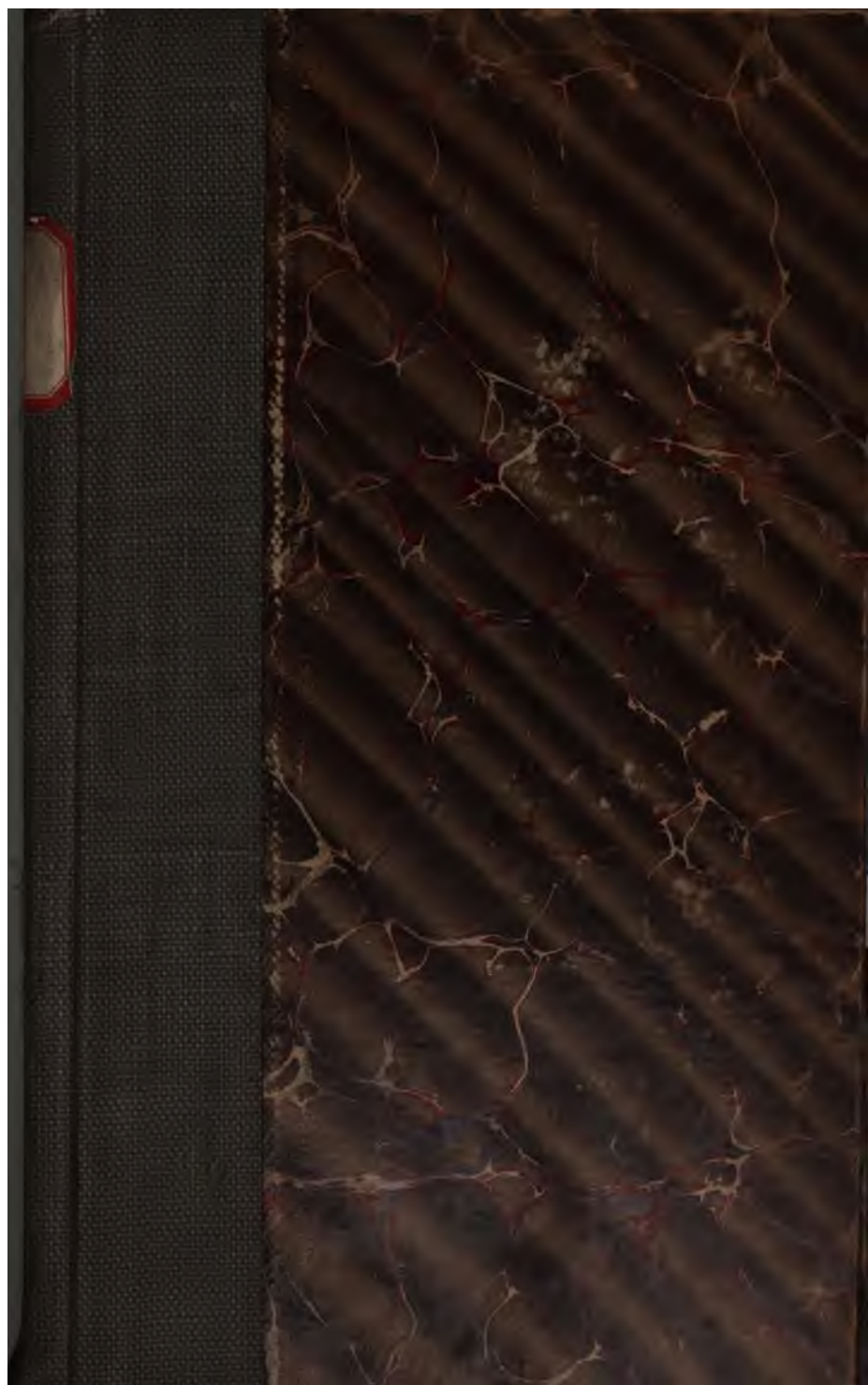
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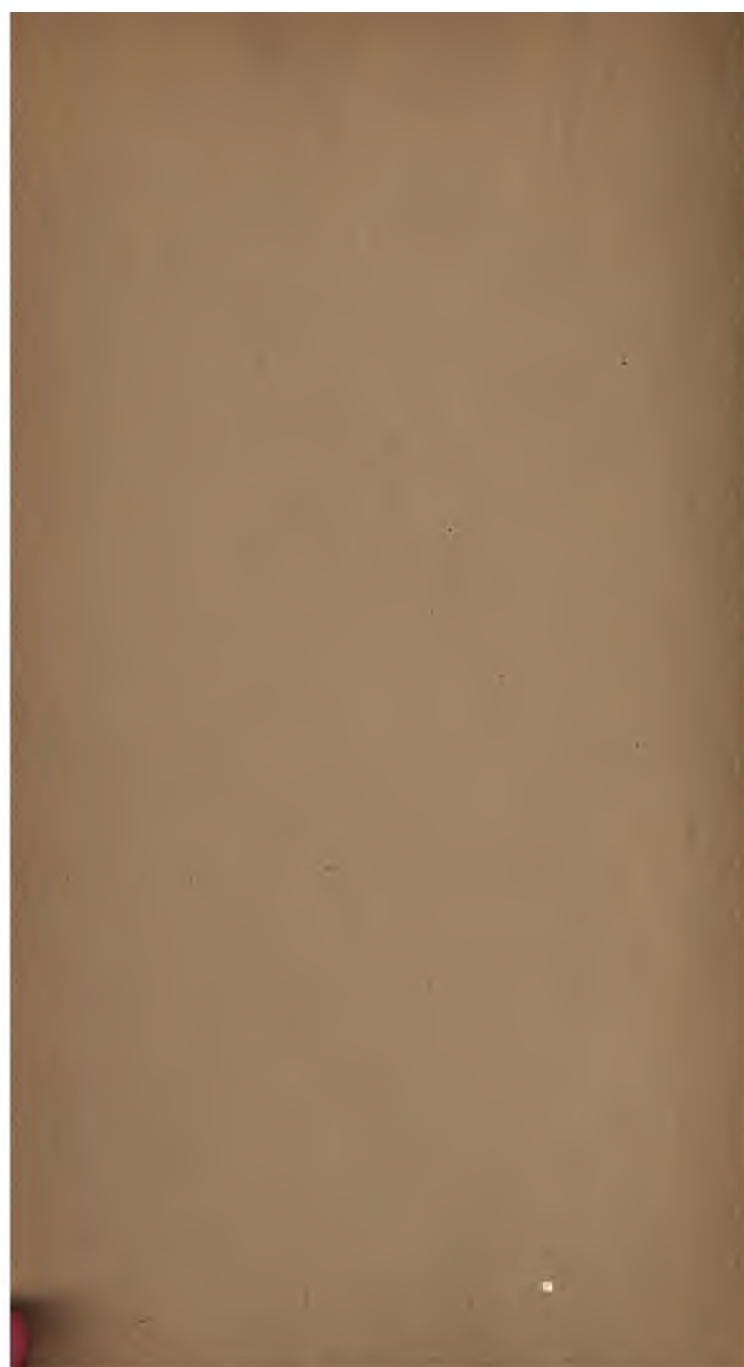


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No. 39.

THE GUV'NOR

FARCICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

E. G. LANKESTER

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THE GUV'NOR.

FARCICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

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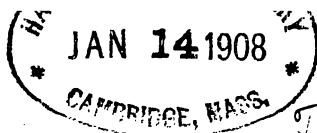
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THE GUV'NOR.

Produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, June 23rd, 1880.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Butterscotch (50) MR. JOHN MACLEAN.
(Retired Confectioner.)	
Freddy (22) MR. THOMAS THORNE.
(His son, of the "Ilex" Rowing Club.)	
Theodore Macclesfield (50) MR. DAVID JAMES.
(Boat Builder at Putney.)	
Theodore (25) MR. W. HERBERT.
(His son, Student at Guy's.)	
Jellicoe (55) MR. W. HARGREAVES.
(Retired Pickle Manufacturer.)	
No. 3047 (40) MR. A. AUSTIN.
(Driver of a Four-wheeler.)	
Gregory (26) MR. J. W. BRADBURY.
(A Yorkshire Groom out of Livery.)	
Mr. Vellum (60) MR. A. H. ROBERTS.
(Of "Vellum & Vellum," Solicitors.)	
The MacToddy MR. D. B. STUART.
(A Gentleman from Glen Mutchkin.)	
Ullage (50) MR. HOWARD.
(Butler to Butterscotch.)	
Aurelia (26) MISS MARIE ILLINGTON.
(Second Wife of Mr. Butterscotch.)	
Kate (19) MISS M. ABINGTON.
(His Daughter by first marriage.)	
Mrs. Macclesfield (48) MISS SOPHIE LARKIN.
(The Boat Builder's Wife.)	
Carrie (18) MISS KATE BISHOP.
(His Daughter.)	

The action passes in 1st and 3rd Acts at Fulham ; in the 2nd Act on the banks of the Thames, near London.

Time, the present day.

THE GUV'NOR

ACT I.

Scene.—Garden of BUTTERSCOTCH's villa at Fulham. House with steps, L., vases, &c. Wall across R. to L. with door. ULLAGE discovered watering plants Music to raise curtain, eight bars repeat

ULL. (*watering flowers*) I wonder where Miss Kate's been all the morning? In the summer-house, I dessay! Regular one for the summer-house, she is! (JELlicoe *seen on wall, c.* ULLAGE *looks off and starts with a cry*) Oh, if there ain't that provokin' old Jellicoe lookin' over our wall! Reg'lar Poll Pry, he is! (*goes up, L.*)

FRED. (*entering, u.e.*). Stop! Now for it. N-no! Confound that fellow—he's always hovering about. (*loudly*) Hey.

ULL. Oh, lawk, Mr. Frederick, how you startled me!

FRED. (R.C.) I m—meant to! I don't mean a memento, but it's a peculiarity of mine; some extra letters got into my alphabet, and I've n—never shaken 'em off! I've met lots like m—me, though.

ULL. (L.C.) Lor, have you, sir?

FRED. Yes—there w—was one fellow I c—came acr ss at Stut—stut—

ULL. Stuttered, sir?

FRED. N—no, Stuttgart! W—worse than m—me, and another fellow at Stam—stain—

ULL. Stammered, sir?

FRED. Damn it, n—no! Stamford! But, I say, look here! T—ell Mrs. Butterscotch I w—ant her! S—ay I'm here!

ULL. Certainly, sir! (*crossing to L.*)

FRED. Be quick!

ULL. I'm going, sir! (*Exits L. house, laughing*)

FRED. He's laughing at m—me! They all do—at first. N—now for it! Pst! Pash! Theo—this way, old man,

THEO. (R.C. *Enters R. 2 E.*) Yes, what is it?

FRED. (L.C.) Look alive—he's coming!

THEO. Who?

FRED. The g—g—gug—

THEO. Grocer?

FRED. No—the g—guv'nor! L—look sharp!

THEO. Then I'll just say good-bye to Kate! (*Exit, R. 3 E.*)

FRED. I know what "good-byes are—when a fellow's in love! And if the old gentleman catches a m—man on his p—premises after his daughter, there'll be no end of a row! (*Re-enter THEODORE, R.*) D—do come along, old chap! The servants are out of the way, and I can smug—gle you out at the garden gate!

THEO. (*R.O.*) 'Pon my word, it's very romantic!

FRED. (*L.C.*) V—very! If the gu—guv'nor catches you—you've no idea how wire—wire—w—wiry the old chap is!

THEO. It's quite certain that he must know nothing at present! I say, Freddy, that boating pic-nic at Surbiton has led to a brace of very promising engagements.

FRED. Yes—engagements are generally very promising. (*walks about*)

THEO. Yours with my sister Carrie—mine with your sister Kate, and both families in total ignorance of the double event!

FRED. Yes, *two races* ignorant of it! (*they separate*)

THEO. Don't joke—it's awful!

FRED. The ignorance of our families? Yes! Though that doesn't sound respectful, d—does it?

THEO. Oh, so far as *you* are concerned, it's all right; the son of the rich Mr. Butterscotch has only to present himself to be received with open arms anywhere!

FRED. Let me limit myself to your sister's.

THEO. Especially when my family is that of a poor boat-builder!

FRED. Shut up that dem—dem——

THEO. Freddy! Don't swear!

FRED. Democratic bosh! Your father makes boats——

THEO. Yes, we can't deny that!

FRED. And mine made j-jam t-tarts! Almost as durable, and, quite as sticky as gilt! And, what's worse, sold 'em the third day at half price, which your father couldn't do with his boats! Besides, how much more useful a boat-builder than a maker of tarts! A boat-builder, there's a kind of "Rule Britannia" flavour about him, which you'll never find in the "wooden walls" of a confectioner's raised pie!

THEO. What a silly chap you are, Freddy—but a *good* one for all that!

No. 3407. (*heard off, L.U.E.*) Anybody 'audy there?

FRED. You must go!

THEO. Good-bye, for the present, then! (*going, returns*) By Jove, I've left my top-coat in the summer-house! I must fetch it! (*going, R. 3 E.*)

FRED. (*stops him*) N—no you don't! Leave it to Kate! I d—don't mean the coat; but the c—care of it! C—cut away, if it's the guv'nor, we're up a tree!

THEO I'm off! (*Exits gate in wall*)

FRED. Now, some people would believe that he'd left his coat—I know better! It's his *heart* he's left! Of course, his heart is left! It's all an excuse to go back to Kate; he wants a cover for an interview; and a t—top c—coat's a capital cover. I wish I had a top-coat to square old Macclesfield! I don't want a cloak or a cover! My eloquence and Carrie's confidence will pull one through! (*Exits abruptly, R. 1 E.*)

Enter through gate in wall, No 3407, with whip and top-coat over arm; he comes down, C. Enter from house, L., ULLAGE.

No. 3407. (C.) Hallo!

ULL. Hallo!! Who are you?

No. 3407. I'm number three thousing four hundred and seven; and I've come with a top-coat as was left in my cab last night, which 'ere is the top-coat and the cab is outside!

ULL. Well?

No. 3407. Well, seeing as how I had only two fares last night, one of which was a scotchman, who took my number and threatened to summons me—and so it couldn't be him, you know—and the other gentleman as I set down at Cranberry Villa, Fulham-road—this is that identical willa, ain't it?

ULL. Yes.

No. 3407. Exactly. Werry good! Then this 'ere top-coat belongs to the owner of this 'ere willa!

ULL. Well, the gentleman's out.

No. 3407. Bein soon? (*confidentially*) Because I've a gentleman and a lady outside in my cab, and I couldn't keep them standing there more than half an hour, as they're in a hurry to catch a train!

ULL. Ah, well, I'm in a hurry, too! You'd better leave it! (*takes coat; puts it on chair, L.*)

No. 3407. Ain't I to get no reward, then?

ULL. Ask the governor!

No. 3407. Werry good, I'll call back again, young man! (*going*)

ULL. Do!

No. 3407. (*aside*) Next time a gent leaves anythink in my cab, I'll stick to it! (*Exits through gate in wall*)

ULL. (*looking at coat*) 'Taint none of ours, all the same! (*looking off to house, L.*) Hallo, there is Mr. Buttersootch coming! (*Exits, L. U. E.*)

Enter BUTTERSCOTCH from house, L., with open letter in hand.

BUTT. Good! Capital! So my dear wish will be accomplished—my old friend Jobling writes to say that his son Gregory has started! Capital name, Gregory! (*sits R., JELlicoe appears over wall, C.*) Then Kate must be looked after! Oh, yes, Gregory Jobling's the very man I could wish for her! Any decent man's the very man I could wish for her, for she's much too old to be my second wife's daughter. It's really too absurd to hear her call Aurelia 'Mamma!'

JELL. So it is! It is—absurd!

BUTT. (*R.*) Mr. Jellicoe!!

JELL. (*C., on wall*) Well—ain't I agreeing with you?

BUTT. I confess the unusual aspect of Mr. Jellicoe! But why laugh?

JELL. Because, involved with the original absurdity was another, scarcely less ridiculous!

BUTT. And that, Mr. Jellicoe?

JELL. Was the preposterous idea of Mrs. Butterscotch calling you *her husband*!

BUTT. Ha! ha! I perceive the pungent facetiousness of your remark, Jellicoe! Jellicoe, you can be very funny when you please; only you don't please!

JELL. Ah, that's all very well! You've been jolly lucky in the sweet line, Butterscotch, "*toffee or not toffee*," that is the question; but life isn't all confectionery! An elderly widower marrying a young, romantic girl! Absurd!

BUTT. Why shouldn't I enjoy the sweets of matrimony again?

JELL. Do old men buy toffee? No, sir! Why, you didn't deserve to be a widower! Do you know what the Arabs do when about to marry?

BUTT. No, I don't!

JELL. They get all their friends to pray for them!

BUTT. Ah!

JELL. Sensible people. But when one gets married twice, he's past praying for—in Arabia or elsewhere. And your wife's young and pretty, which makes matters worse! Take care, Butterscotch, she don't play you a trick!

BUTT. (*rises*) Never! She don't's on me! My amusements are hers—she sees nobody but me.

JELL. That must be *very* amusing! Not a soul, eh?

BUTT. No—not a soul. Even my own son Fred now lives in chambers in town! Why, this is a regular Garden of Eden! (*crosses, L.*)

JELL. Then there must be a serpent! no Eden's complete without!

BUTT. (*going up*) Perhaps I see him now!

JELL. (*with asperity*) No, you don't! The one that frequents your paradise, my friend don't want ladders to get over the wall! And his *habitat* is that summer-house! Last seen—this morning! Good-day! (*disappears behind wall*)

BUTT. A man here? Unknown to me? Never, never!

JELL. (*re-appearing*) I may be wrong, you know! You'd better ask the ladies! (*disappears*)

BUTT. Ask the ladies? Yes, proof I will have one way or other! (*sees coat left by cabman, L; takes it up*) Hallo - a coat! Not Freddy's—I know, and certainly not mine!

JELL. (*appearing*) Not a soul, eh? But perhaps a body, with a light overcoat on, eh? Thought you'd like to know! I may be wrong—hope so! You don't look well—good-morning! (*disappears*)

BUTT. (*again scrutinising coat, which he has concealed when JELLICOE appeared*) Proof? Yes, and here it is! (*looking off*) Ah, there is Kate! At all events, my daughter's true to me! I'll question her, and if she knows of this I'll find out all! Now to get my principal witness out of sight! (*going towards house*) Oh! Aurelia! Aurelia! How could you deceive me? (*Exit to house with coat*)

Enter KATE, R. H. 3 E., cautiously, by path from summer-house; she has a light top coat in her hand, something similar to the other, but not exactly the same colour.

KATE. Nobody here? So much the better! I do wish Theodore would take a little more care! Here he has left his top-coat again! (*throws it furtively on chair, R., on seeing BUTTERSCOTCH*)

Enter BUTTERSCOTCH from house, L.

BUTT. (L.C.) Kate, where is Aurelia?

KATE. (R.) I have not seen her this morning!

BUTT. (*aside*) She is hiding something from me. (*aloud*) Tell me, Kate—

KATE. Yes, pa?

BUTT. Has any young man been here to-day?

KATE. Why do you ask that? (*parise*)

BUTT. (L.C.) Why do I ask that? Because I confide in you; now, confess!

KATE. (R.C., *hesitating*) If there was anything I had to confess to you I should do so at once; and, in fact, I should like; but I would not cause you sorrow for the world!

BUTT. (*taking her tenderly*) Now, then, Kate, tell me truly, has anybody been here?

KATE. (*aside*) He suspects! (*aloud*) Well, pa, since you ask me so frankly I will answer frankly! (*hesitating*) Yes! No! Yes!—No!

BUTT. (*impressively*) I believe you! (*aside*) Now, I'll temporise! (*aloud*) Kate, while you have been trying to mystify me—no—don't look denial, I have been trying to make a *clear* future for you! You will remember that I referred to certain views I had for you—

KATE. (*shuddering*) Oh, yes, I remember!

BUTT. Very good. Those views are coming here to-day! Their name is Jobling.—Christian name, Gregory—and they will make you an excellent husband. Don't be overcome by the delightful intelligence, and don't thank me; I am only consulting your happiness, and, as it's my *duty*, I won't be thanked! Not a word! (*crossing to R. ; aside*) Two birds with one stone! I separate the women find Kate a husband, and deprive the neighbours of the malicious remark that my wife is too young for my daughter. On reflection, that's three birds, but all the better the shot! (*Exit, hastily, R.H. 1 E.*)

KATE. His name is Gregory! He is coming here. And I—I am to marry him. Oh! (*drops into seat, R.H.*)

Enter AURELIA, L. house.

AUR. (L.C.) I thought I heard my husband's voice. Good gracious, Kate, what is the matter? (*goes to her*)

KATE. (R.) Matter? Gregory! Marriage! Oh!

AUR. I remember now. Mr. Butterscotch said something about somebody coming here to make himself agreeable to you. Is that the cause of this distress?

KATE. Yes, that is exactly the something horrible that I meant

AUR. My dear child, don't talk like that! I own it sounds rather sudden at first, considering that we have never seen him; but, on the other hand, we know who he is, which is always something new-days! We know that he is young, that he has been brought up in the country, and he is therefore unsophisticated; that he will have plenty of money.

KATE. (*rising, and going, C.*) Yes, that is all very well? But what am I to say to the other one? (L.C.)

AUR. (C.) The other one? Do you mean your father? (R.C.)

KATE. Well, no, ma dear, not exactly my father; but the other, you know—

AUR. Don't call me ma, but rather sister! (*puts her arm round KATE's waist*) I believe my little Kate has got a secret!

KATE. Yes, ma—I mean sister!

AUR. (*smiling*) That is better! Now, shall I tell my Kate her secret? Then give me your hand. (*takes it, and pretends to read lines*) She is in love; and that clandestinely.

KATE. Quite!

AUR. And his name is ——?

KATE. Theodore! You're certainly guessing wonderfully! Dear, how clever you are at palmistry!

AUR. Yes, when any one shows me their hand as clearly as you do, and what is the gentleman?

KATE. A friend of Freddy's.

AUR. And how did you get acquainted?

KATE. Oh, Freddy met him at his rowing club, and one day, you know, Freddy rowed me up with him to Surbiton, and Theodore was there, and I was introduced to him, and there you have it.

AUR. And your father knows nothing about this?

KATE. He is in a state of the most blissful ignorance!

AUR. And Theodore comes to see you, no doubt?

KATE. Oh, yes!

AUR. How is it I have never met him?

KATE. Oh, he has to dodge you and pa! He skulks in sometimes through the gate, and sometimes he gets over the wall!

AUR. Ah, this looks very serious! Really, you ought to tell this to your father!

KATE. What? When he has just threatened me with this Yorkshire 'yoke! But marry him I never will! Never! Never! (*crosses to R., and sits*)

AUR. Very good! Then I must see what is to be done! The situation is very—hush! Mr. Butterscotch is coming! (*goes up*) Now do try and look calm! (*they sit R. on garden seat*)

BUTT. (*entering R.U.E.; gets L.C. aside*) There they are! And they've had time to compare notes and trump up evidence! (*coming down*)

AUR. (B.C., *aside to KATE, R.*) Look innocent, and don't sigh! (*rising; aloud*) Ah, you're here, are you? You don't look well!

BUTT. (C.) Possibly not, madam, possibly not! I have had enough to make me feel unwell!

AUR. (C.) I thought you had taken too much at breakfast! (*crossing L.*)

BUTT. (*crossing R. and returning C.; aside*) Miserable evasion! (*aloud*) My indisposition, Mrs. Butterscotch, is not referable to the breakfast table; it is here, madam, in the heart, when I find that strangers are admitted here. (*the ladies start*) What are you exchanging glances for?

KATE. (R.) Something in my eye, that's all, papa.

BUTT. Somebody, you mean! Don't wink at your step-mother, d'ye hear!

AUR. Kate, my dear, go into the house for a little, I want to speak to your father!

KATE. Yes, mamma! (*crosses; aside*) Oh, if she tells him!
(*Exit, L., into house. AURELIA follows her to house*)

BUTT. (C.) What did you send her away for?

AUR. (L.C.) Because it is not an instructive sight for a child to see her father lose his temper!

BUTT. (*aside*) This is an unusual tone—it is either the fortitude of innocence or the effrontery of guilt! (*aloud*) Sit down!

AUR. I had rather stand—oh, if you prefer it. (*sits, L.H.; business*)

BUTT. (C.) I don't intend to waste my time in fruitless prefaces, madam, but come to the point by announcing that I am fully aware of what is taking place in my house! (*sitting*)

AUR. (L., *aside*) Poor Kate! (*aloud*) Oh, now we're getting to it!

BUTT. Yes, madam, we are getting to it, and may I ask what view you take of the business?

AUR. Well, I don't think we should be too severe in these cases.

BUTT. Oh, you don't think —? Go, on, madam!

AUR. I suppose these little affairs occur in every family sooner or later—in fact, may be expected!

BUTT. Oh, then, I suppose I ought not to complain—eh?

AUR. I don't quite say that; I think you ought to have been consulted! (*BUTTERSCOTCH staggered*) But, after all, there is nothing to be seriously annoyed about!

BUTT. But I tell you, madam, that there is something to be seriously annoyed about! When a lover leaves his top-coat behind him, like a modern edition of the Potiphar scandal, I consider there's a devilish deal to be annoyed about! (*goes to MRS. BUTTERSCOTCH*) Hang it, Mrs. Butter-scotch, have you no respect for me?

AUR. (*rise.*) It was out of respect for you that I allowed you should have been consulted.

BUTT. I'm petrified! His name, madam—his name!

AUR. I only know his Christian name—Theodore!

BUTT. Oh, Theodore—is it? And he is—?

AUR. Since you take so harsh a view of the poor young man of what consequence is his name or profession?

BUTT. This is too horrible! Hang it, madam, are you my wife, or—are you not?

AUR. I think, Mr. Bitterscotch, that you carry this matter to a point where your infirmity of temper becomes ridiculous! (*goes up*)

BUTT. Ridiculous? But it serves me right! Yet I expected from you, Aurelia, the duty and respect I received from my first wife!

AUR. No doubt—but then it was so difficult for me to take up the thread, being so very much younger and having to begin where the other left off! (*Exits into house, L.*)

BUTT. Jests at the sacred tie! And glories in her infamy! What's to be done? I shall be the laughing-stock of the parish—I shall be—(R.)

JELL. (*at back, on wall, c.*) Well? Is it all completely cleared up?

BUTT. Go to the devil! (*Exits into house, L.*)

JELL. Now, that's an ungrateful man! Still, if the holy cause of right and virtue has been promoted, friendship and neighbourly feeling have not spent a week or two on the top round of a garden ladder in vain! And now I'll go to lunch! I won't go to the devil. (*disappears*)

Enter above house ULLAGE and GREGORY, the latter with a carpet bag, and wearing a quiet sort of sporting farmer's dress.

ULL. (L.C.) So you are the new groom?

GREG. (L.C., *speaking with Yorkshire accent*) Yes, I am! Went t' the agency, and they engaged me, and told me for to come here!

ULL. All right, I am glad you *have* come. What's your name?

GREG. Gregory, sur!

ULL. Gregory, eh?

GREG. Yes, tell us old chap—are you a sort of comfortable here? How do they treat their servants?

ULL. (*aside*) I must give him a good impression of the place, perhaps he'll stay longer than our last one! (*aloud*) Master's the best fellow in the world, he's most remarkable affable! Treats the maidservants as if they was his daughters, and has set all the men down in his will!

GREG. Have he, now?

ULL. He have! Just you wait here till master's seen you, and then you can go to your quarters in the stables! (*Exits into house, L.*)

GREG. This here's real luck and no mistake! Here's my sister and me comes up from Yorkshire in answer to two advertisements, and both gits situations—she as parlour-maid in Bayswater, and me as groom at Fulham! Regular luck it is! My, here's a fine gal!

Enter KATE, L., from house. Comes down front, then turns and sees GREGORY.

KATE. (L.C.) I'm so nervous! And it's so hot, and I've such a headache that—(*sees GREGORY who is bowing*) Ah!

GREG. Yes, miss, it's me! I've come!

KATE. You—wish to see Mr. Butterscotch?

GREG. If you please, miss! (*aside*) She is a fine gal!

KATE. I'll let him know! (*going, L.*) What name shall I say?

GREG. Gregory, miss!

KATE. Gregory? It's he! Already. (*leans against door, L.*)

BUTT. (*entering quickly, L., house and passing her*) Somebody for me, Kate? (*KATE points to GREGORY. Bursts into tears. Exit KATE, house, L.*)

GREG. (R.C.) I'm Gregory, sir, if you please!

BUTT. (L.C.) Gregory, my dear boy! To be sure! I ought to have known you at a glance! Give me your hand! (*shakes hands to GREGORY'S astonishment*) You're the very sort of lad I expected! Here—and how are you? Ha, ha! Gregory, of course! But you must be hungry after your journey, eh! you young dog!

GREG. Well, sir, if you've got a snack in the kitchen—

BUTT. Oh, they've plenty there! Come into the dining-room and we'll have it up! (*GREGORY surprised*) Then while you have luncheon, we'll have a talk together about—you know! Ha, ha! Come, my boy, come with me. (*going, L.*)

GREG. (*aside*) Well, he is a 'arty old cock! Lunch in the dinin'-room? Promotion's rapid in Lunnon!

BUTT. Come along, Gregory, come along! (*Exeunt into house, L. 2 E*)

THEODORE enters though gate in wall, O., cautiously.

THEO. Kate! Kate! (*comes down*) Not in the summer-house? Then I'll risk waiting for her here! If the worst comes to the worst, and the old fellow discovers me, I can tell the truth! Hallo! By Jove, my topcoat! What a find! I didn't know I had left it here, though! For—Someone coming! It's not Kate! Then, of course, it's Mrs. Butterscotch! That's better than the old man!

Enter AURELIA from house, L.

AUR. (L.C.) Poor girl; she is in sad trouble! This swain—this terrible Gregory—has arrived, and—(*seeing THEODORE*) Why, here's the very man—come! He's not so bad-looking after all!

THEO. (R.C.) You will excuse my apparent intrusion, but

I am waiting to see Mr. Butterscotch! Have I the pleasure of addressing his wife?

AUR. I am Mrs. Butterscotch! In my husband's absence, may I be allowed to ask upon what subject you wish to see him?

THEO. Upon a matter of the deepest interest to me. I assure you, madam—

AUR. (*aside*) This is poor Kate's tormentor! I'll send him to the rightabout in plainest terms. (*aloud*) A family affair, sir?

THEO. I trust sincerely, madam, that it may so turn out to be! Plainly, then, Miss Kate—

AUR. (*aside*) As I thought! (*aloud*) I am fully acquainted with your pretensions, sir, and, without wishing to cause you unnecessary pain, I may at once inform you that they are unwelcome and will be unsuccessful!

THEO. Mrs. Butterscotch, do not so hastily crush my dearest hopes—all my happiness!

AUR. And what of Kate's happiness, sir? Do you think that any argument could induce me to consign that dear child to lifelong misery with a man whom she dislikes?

THEO. Oh, not "dislikes," Mrs. Butterscotch! Say that you have higher views for her—say—

AUR. You only anticipate me. I have other views for Kate! Her resolution and mine have been inflexibly taken! That is your answer, sir! I regret the long journey you have been obliged to undergo—

THEO. (*surprised*) Long journey, madam?

AUR. You are only wasting your time, sir! Retire, I request you! I will make your excuses to my husband, you will only meet repulse, in the face of whatever encouragement he may have offered. (*aside*) That's a spoke in Mr. Butterscotch's wheel! (*crossing R.*)

THEO. (*dejectedly*) I have heard of tropical storms which have laid waste a smiling landscape in a few minutes! But here is a lifetime shattered by a word! I had anticipated opposition, but not this! And she told me that she loved me! It's all over! (*takes coat; aloud*) Madam—I—I—good-morning! (*Exits at gate, c.*)

AUR. That's accomplished! Kate! Kate! He's gone!

Enter KATE from house, L.

KATE. (L.C.) Gone? What—Gregory? Impossible!

AUR. (R.C.) Gone, my love!

KATE. You darling mother, aunt, sister, friend—all in one! I'm out of my mind with joy! I must write and tell Theodore. I'll— (*crossing L. and R.*)

AUR. Not without my sanction! Don't let us be clandestine! Hem! *I'll* write to your Theodore, and calumny cannot then make objections!

KATE. (L.C.) You pet! You thoughtful dear! And what are you going to write to him!

AUR. (L.C.) To tell him to come here at once! (*crossing L. and going*) By-the-bye, the Apollo's name—and address?

KATE. (*quickly*) Theodore Macclesfield, Willow Tree Ferry, Putney!

AUR. Good! Wait a minute for me! (*Exits into house, L.*)

KATE. I'm the happiest girl in the world! And won't Theo be surprised when he gets a letter in a strange hand! And then, won't he jump for joy, and into a hansom and bowl away to—Good gracious! (*pause*) Aurelia! (*missing coat*)

AUR. (*in house, L.*) What's the matter?

KATE. (R.) It's gone—the top-coat's gone!

AUR. (*entering with letter from house, L.*) Whose top-coat?

KATE. *His*—Theodore's! He left it in the summer-house. And I brought it here, and—

AUR. Your father found it!

KATE. Then *that* accounts for his manner just now! Oh, dear, dear! When I thought everything was going so smoothly.

AUR. So everything will. Ullage! (*enter ULLAGE from house, L.*) Take this letter to the post!

ULL. Yes, ma'am. (*Exits into house, L.*)

AUR. And now, my love, having blown up Mr. Butter-scotch's trenches, let us set to work to undermine his citadel! Come along. (*crosses to R.*)

KATE. Oh, mamma, what *should* I do without you? (*both exeunt, R. I. E.*)

BUTT. Now that Gregory is at luncheon, I can investigate my discovery. Only a bit of tape from the neck of that top-coat—but still, I believe, a valuable clue. There's some writing on it. I can't quite make out what. Where are my glasses? T—h—e, the M—a—c, Mac. "The Mac" The Mac! Never heard such a name! Perhaps it's a cypher. (*to ULLAGE*) What have you there?

Enter ULLAGE from house, L., with letter, crossing to gate.

ULL. Letter for the post, sir.

BUTT. Yours, Ullage?

ULL. Missus's, sir. I were just going to put it in the pillar-box.

BUTT. I'm going to post some letters of my own, and I'll save you the trouble! Give it to me! That'll do, you

needn't wait! (*Exit ULLAGE to house*) At last! I have her in my clutch! (*reads address*) "Theodore Macclesfield." Oho, my lady, and you only knew his Christian name! This justifies a proceeding which otherwise I should hesitate at! (*tears open letter*) "DEAR SIR,—I shall be happy to see you, if you will call upon me any time during this afternoon or evening. Very truly yours, Aurelia Butterscotch!" So! An assignation under my very nose! What's the villain's address? "Willow Tree Ferry, Putney"—I'll soon find out if that's a sham or not! Ullage! (*enter ULLAGE, L., from house*) Bring me the Local Directory! (*Exit ULLAGE, L.*) Theodore Macclesfield, is he? Mighty well! Ha, an idea! (*takes out the tape*) "The"—"Mac"—of course! Theodore Macclesfield! It *was* the scoundrel's infernal topcoat! (*enter ULLAGE, L.*) Give me the directory! (*takes it*) Min—Mem—Moc—Mac—Macclesfield! Right! Boat-builder! Good heavens! It's all too plain—but a low boat-builder! (*drops directory*) This is degradation! That she should sink to this! My course, however, is clear! I'll find this man at once! Oh, for some sympathising heart to confide— (*enter GREGORY, from house, L.*) The very man—this simple Yorkshire lad! My dear boy, can I trust you? Will you serve me?

GREG. (L.) O' coorse! I coomed a purpose, didn't I?

BUTT. (C.) You're a man of character, Gregory!

GREG. 'A ha' gotten it in my pocket!

BUTT. Bless you, dear lad! Bless you! (*shaking his hand warmly*; GREGORY stupefied. *Enter KATE, R. 1. E.*)

Ah, my dear Kate! Here you are! Gregory! My daughter Kate! This is Gregory! (*aside to her*) You remember what I told you this morning—my *views*, eh?

KATE. (R.) Yes, papa! But suppose I had adopted *other views* of my own!

BUTT. (C.) Nonsense! This is a young man among a thousand! And my mind's made up!

KATE. But I'm not fit to be married! I'm not accomplished enough! My music's awfully behind! Let me have a few more lessons! Just a few, for ten years, or fifteen, or—

BUTT. When you're married, my dear—when you're married! (*to GREGORY*) What do you think of her?

GREG. (L.) Prime! This is the rummest house I ever tumbled into!

BUTT. Then say something pretty to her. (*music to end*) Take her hand!

GREG. 'A couldn't! A'm afeared!!

BUTT. Nonsense, I've arranged it all! Kate, my dear child, come here! Give Gregory your hand!

KATE. (*obeying slowly; crossing to GREGORY*) Oh, papa! (*breaking down. BUTTERSCOTCH passes KATE to L.C.*)

BUTT. There! That's as it should be! My dear Kate, you're a good girl, and you have the man of my choice! (*aside*) She happily married, and I happily separated, all will go well! The single married and the married single! Never felt so thoroughly happy in my life! (*chokes. JELICOE appears at back delighted*)

JELL. (C.) Eh? What?

BUTT. (R.C.) Oh, confound you! (*throws the directory at him*)

Curtain rises at applause, and discovers BUTTERSCOTCH on garden chair, looking over wall for JELICOE, who has by this time got to the other end of the wall. GREGORY amazed at KATE'S annoyance.

END OF ACT I.

(Time : Thirty-three minutes.)

ACT II.

Twelve Minutes' Wait.

SCENE.—*Set. The Boat-yard at Willow Tree Ferry. Interior. Half kitchen, half sitting-room, old style. Rafters, old beams in wall, quaint design. Open at back, showing green bank to river, with boats hauled up. Backing the Thames. Set trees above house; creepers hanging round lintels and door-post. Small table c., old chairs &c., small oak pianette R.; doors R. and L. Character is given to the set by the introduction of oars, flags, rudders, &c. The whole scene a bright and picturesque old English river-side cottage. Music, "Jolly Young Waterman," to open scene. MRS. MACCLESFIELD discovered, looking off, R.*

MRS. M. The new yacht! I wish to goodness it were sold, or that Macclesfield would give up boat-building! What with drowing out of advertisements, and people a-coming to see she, and not a-having of it. it is a regular noonsance!

Enter CARRIE at back, L.C., with book in hand and bird's nest in the other.

CAR. (L.) What's a regular nuisance, mother? Not me, I hope?

MRS. M. (L.C.) Law no, Carrie! I means your father's new boat!

CAR. Don't say a word against the new boat! Or, in riverside language, don't run her down! She's called after me! Bless the dear old dad! (*sits u. of table*)

OLD M. (*entering, c.R.*) Don't make such a noise! I can't hear nothing! Now, is that advertisement right? (R.)

MRS. M. (L.C.) I suppose so!

OLD M. There! Didn't I say you'd make a mess of it!

MRS. M. Bother the man! He's deafer than ever! (*bawling*) I say I think it is! (*crossing, c.*)

OLD M. More shame for you then, at your time of life!

CAR. (c.) Here! I'll read it to him, mother. (*takes up paper and goes to OLD MACCLESFIELD, R.*) Father, "Yacht for sale, 'The Carrie,' 5 tons burthen, clinker built, centre board 30ft. long, 4½ beam. Price £30. Apply at Macclesfield's Building Yard, Putney."

OLD M. (R.) Why didn't they give the *price* of the boat?

CAR. (C.) So they do, father! Thir—ty pounds!

OLD M. (R.) Ah, then they shall take a bob off for the omission! (*Exit, R.E.*)

MRS. M. (L.C.) He gets more aggerawatin' every day, he does!

CAR. (R.C.) Poor, dear father—don't say that! (*sits, L.*)

MRS. M. I've heard that a deaf husband was a article to congratulate oneself on! Try it for thirty year, and see what you'll say then!

CAR. I shouldn't mind if Freddy *were* deaf! But I'm very glad he *isn't*, of course!

MRS. M. Ah, likely! Bah—there's too much of this Mr. Freddy in your mouth, my girl! I ain't sure that your brother has done you a good turn in introducing you to his friend!

CAR. Why? Theodore and Freddy's sister always are with us! It's quite proper—

MRS. M. Never said it wasn't *proper*; only what'll it lead to? A rich man like Mr. Butterscotch won't hear of his son marrying a boat-builder's daughter!

CAR. Don't be so very sure of *that*, mother! (*counting eggs*) One—two—three—

MRS. M. Ah, you are counting your chickens—

CAR. Yes. Five—six—

MRS. M. (*severely*) Before they are hatched!

CAR. (*pouting*) Oh!

MRS. M. We have never seen the old gentleman, have we?

CAR. No. I have told Freddy that if he means well by me he must tell his father, and, what is more, he must come himself to you—

MRS. M. And state his intentions?

CAR. Yes. (*rises*)

MRS. M. That's all very well; but is he going to do it?

CAR. This very day. (*down, R.*)

OLD MACCLESFIELD *enters, C., comes down between CARRIE and*
MRS. MACCLESFIELD.

OLD M. (R.C.) Has any person answered the advertisement, eh?

MRS. M. (L.) Yes, two; but they would not give the price.

OLD M. Very extraordinary that nobody has come at all; mustn't have been put in right.

CAR. (*going R. to him and speaking loudly*) Yes, father, two gentlemen have been; but they wanted it for less money.

OLD M. (*indignantly*) Why didn't you ask more, then—you silly fool! Here's a good "deal" lost, through your not opening your mouth wide enough! (*CARRIE goes up, c.*)

MRS. M. (*crossing, c. and bawling*) They—wouldn't—pay—more!

OLD M. Why didn't you take it, then, you old fool? Pretty set o' people I've got about me, I have! Ain't got the ordinary use of their senses! (*going, R.C.*) Look here, you two—*Listen more, and talk less!* That's my advice!

You pair of grinning apes! (*Exit, R.C.*)

MRS. M. That man's driving me mad! (*takes work off piano, L.*) Carrie, where's your brother?

CAB (*at trestle, folding flag*) Well, I guess—he's at—can't you guess?

MRS. M. Ah, well, I hope it may end well; but I don't expect it! Such things are much too good to be true. (*gets to R. of table*) And if you get young Mr. Butterscotch and Theodore marries his sister, then I'll say the world's a deal easier than it was when I was a girl! It may happen in *plays*; but not in *Putney*! (*takes keys from work basket on table, L.*) As I said before, I hope it'll all end well! (*Exits, taking work off, U.E.L.H.D.*)

CAR. So do I, I'm sure! Though sometimes I'm afraid of my own happiness! And yet Freddy is such a good fellow! I do not believe he would say a word that he did not mean! I will just see if he is coming down the river, (*goes to door, c.*) Yes, there he comes in his outrigger. Now he pulls into the bank. Easy, Fred! (*crying off*) Steady her head, gunnel! Now he jumps ashore, and here he is!

Enter FRED in his boating flannels, R.C. They embrace.

CAR. (*R.C.*) Well, sir, you are very punctual! (*R.C. coming down R. togeth-r*)

FRED. (*L.C., taking cap off*) Of course I am! Entered myself for the m-m-mat-matrimonial-cup, and felt myself b-b-bound to finish in time!

CAR. And you have been getting up a nice little speech for father? (*they sit on trestle, R.*)

FRED. Yes, I h-have! I had a happy idea off the Soap Works!

CAR. I hope off the soft soap works?

FRED. Very g-good! Y-yes, it's awfully com-com—com—

CAR. Common?

FRED. N-no! Co—complimentary!

CAR. Ah!

FRED. Yes, and I worked it up quite into a little speech

p—ast Mortlake and Hammersmith, peror—or—or—
perorated as I came down, and just discovered when I landed
that it wasn't likely to do a—a—a—at all !

CAR. But what was the idea that came bubbling up off the
Soap Works ?

FRED. Well, dear, my idea was this. Your father being
in the b—boat b—building interest, I thought I would give a
slight *nautical* turn to my proposal in order to please him.
you know—(CARRIE *nods*)—something about “wooden walls”
of England, but they wouldn't do ! Then I tried the facetious,
—that you were the *wherry* girl for me ; but somehow or
other, the nearer, I got to the ferry the further off I was to
the point, and now I'm here I haven't got a notion in me !
Have you got any beer in the house, Carrie ? (CARRIE
crosses to L. C. for beer)

FRED. Don't be afraid, I'm very thirsty !

CAR. (*crosses R. and gives beer. He drinks*) Well ?

FRED. I've got one ! (*sitting both on trestle, R.*)

CAR. Yes ?

FRED. (*embraces her*) I've got another !

CAR. What is it ? (*puts up cheek as if for another kiss*)

FRED. That I love you very d—dearly, and that I shall
win and wear you, in spite of all the f—fathers in the
world ! That deserves another drink ! (*drinks again and*
crosses, L., taking up nest from table) Why, what is this,
Carrie ?

CAR. (*sits R. of table, L. 1 ; FRED leans over her*) Only
a lark's nest I found this morning, and which I am going to
take out again immediately ! I wanted to have a peep at the
eggs. Only fancy, I saw the nest commenced in early spring,
and now—just imagine, here I am—a sort of god-mother to
the family !

FRED. (L.) Very ra—a—pid work ! Won't it be great f—f—
fun, Carrie, when we commence to build *our* nest ? (C. *at*
back of table)

CAR. (L.) *We* ? I beg to tell you, sir, that it was the *gen-*
tleman that built this nest, and it was only after it was
finished that the lady appeared ! What do you say to that,
sir ?

FRED. That she was a—a—a very knowing bird ; like la—
ladies generally are ! What a big one ! there are two birds
there.

CAR. Never mind, sir, they are a very, very happy couple,
and—(*going up, C., and looking off, L.C.*) I declare, I can hear
the mother twittering in a frightful state of mind over the
hedge ! One moment, till I take her back her home and
family, and then I must take to my books again !

FRED. (J.C.) What's the particular study now, Carrie?
(*follows her, R.C.*)

CAR. Astronomy! Only fancy, Freddy, Jupiter has got four moons!

FRED. Then we'll go to Jupiter on our honeymoon!

CAR. You silly fellow! Married people have only *one* honeymoon, anywhere! (*Exit, C.L.*)

FRED. Can't see why a girl like that wants to be studying astronomy. She's an angel, and ought to be well up in it! That's a jolly good idea, now—wish I could strike out one for the old boy! But it won't come, and—and—the beer's out! (MRS. MACCLESFIELD *calls off, L.* “Carrie!”; *looks off, L.U.E.*) Ah, there's the mother! I'll begin with her, first of all, by way of what I may call “tub-practice” before the great event.

Enter MRS. MACCLESFIELD, L.U.E. door.

MRS. M. Good-morning! (*sits and knits, L. of table*)

FRED. (*shakes hands; sits on trestle, R.*) Good-day, Mrs. Mac—Mac—Macclesfield! (*aside*) How shall I begin? (*aloud*) N—nice day for rowing?

MRS. M. Very!

FRED. (*aside*) Deuced uncom—uni—ca—ca—ca—tive! (*aloud*) I have been out in m—my outrigger!

MRS. M. So I believe! (*aside, knitting*) I'll pretend not to understand, and that will give him confidence!

FRED. (*aside; crosses; sits R. of table, L.H.*) Now for a plu—u—unge! (*aloud*) Hem! I am going to try and persuade C—Carrie to take an airing o—o—on the river.

MRS. M. Ah, you two row very well together, I think.

FRED. (*aside*) Thank g—goodness, she has begun it! Very a—a—artful old lady! (*aloud*) Yes, Mrs. Macclesfield, we do row together, and I want Carrie and myself to row in the same bo—boat on the sea of matrimony! (*aside*) That is a little bit saved out of the wreckage off the Soap Works!

MRS. M. (*seated L. of table*), I won't pretend that I didn't know something of this before, sir; and I am very pleased indeed to think that a gentleman of your standing should act so honourable towards a girl in Carrie's position. We are plain people, Mr. Butterscotch—

FRED. (*R., of table*) N—n—no! No!

MRS. M. Yes, we are—plain people—

FRED. N—n—not Carrie! H—hang it, no!

MRS. M. Well, leaving her out, we are plain people; and we know what our station is in the world, and I say it's a great honour that you do our family, and I'm sure, so far as *thy* consent goes, you have it and welcome!

FRED. (*rises and shakes her hand*) Oh, my dear Mrs. Mac— Mac— never m—mind the rest. You send me scudding with a fair wind towards the haven of my hopes! (*aside*) More flotsam and jetsam from the Soap Works! (*aloud*) I can't thank you enough! And Mr. Mac— Mac— &c.?

MRS. M. Well, I don't see what objection he can make! He'll be all right! But, sir, you'll understand we give our consent on these conditions—that your father approves, and comes here to tell us so.

FRED. (R.) Of course he will, I'll ask him this very day. (*crossing to trestle*) He's a good sort of old fellow, though he is a father! (*Enter CARRIE, C., L.U.E.*) Ah, Carrie!

CAR. (C.) I've put the nest back, and oh! you shou'd have seen the joy of the mother-bird!

MRS. M. (L.) Something like mine, Carrie dear! (*rises and comes forward*)

CAR. (C.) Then you—he's—?

FRED. (R.) Exactly! Your mother knows all, Carrie!

CAR. And she consents? (*hugging her mother*) I knew she would, dear old mother!

MRS. M. My darling girl! My darling girl!

FRED. (*aside*) It's not etiquette, at present, I suppose, to embrace the old lady! (*aloud*) When you've quite done with your mamma, Carrie—(*embraces CARRIE*)—I should like to have a cuddle myself! (*MRS. MACCLESFIELD goes up*)

OLD M. (*off, R.C.*) Sam! Gunnel! Gunnel! Ahoy!

MRS. M. There's your father! Now, sir, now's your time! And the thing's settled!

FRED. (C.) If you allude to my speech, it is settled!

CAR. (L.) Oh, Freddy, do speak up!

FRED. (*crosses to L.*) Yes, I shall have to d—do that! Leave him to me! Love and a voice-lozenge will pull me through! (*CARRIE goes up, C.*) I wish I had some more beer!

Enter OLD MACCLESFIELD, C.R. He gets R.

• OLD M. (R.) Are you going to tell us where's Gunnel, with the forenoon take?

MRS. M. (C., *showing money*) I've got it here! (*pointing to FRED, R.*) A gentleman—Mr. Butterscotch.

OLD M. (*aside*) What's he cotched! Not much to cotch about here! (*aloud*) Good day, sir—very glad to see you! (*crosses to C., aside*) Mr. Butterpot—he's a reglar customer, and don't run no account—remarkable in a swell!

MRS. M. Gentleman—wants to—speak to you!

OLD M. (C.) Well, he can have the Albatross. She don't leak much!

CAR. (*down, R.C.*) Wants— to —*speak* to you !

MRS. M. (*L.C., bawling*) About Ca-rie !

OLD M. (*C., to MRS. MACCLESFIELD*) What are you bel-
lowing out like that for ? What—do you want to show me
up before the gent ! (*to FRED*) Take a sea, sir—shall
be very pleased to talk the matter over. (*to MRS. MACCLES-*
FIELD) Get out, you old fool !

MRS. M. Come along, (*Carrie! CARRIE blows a kiss and exits*
with MRS. MACCLESFIELD, who signifies encouragement, C.L.)

OLD M. (*crossing, L.C.*) You be good enough to take a
seat ?

FRED. (*sitting, L.H.*) N—now for it !

OLD M. (*aside, sits R. of table*) This makes the third on
'em as is after the new boat ! Ha ! ha ! You ain't forgotten
how to build 'em, old boy ! ha ! ha ! I'll let *him* start !

FRED. I think you can guess the object of my visit, sir !
(*wiping his forehead*)

OLD M. Aye ; it is warm—but wery seasonable !

FRED. I forgot his infirmity ! (*bawling*) You know why
I've come here ? (*aside*) If he wasn't deaf, he'd have
guessed it before now !

OLD M. (*aside*) H'anxious, is he ? (*aloud*) Yes, certainly.
You want my "Carrie"—eh ?

FRED. I do—very much ! I love her with all my heart !

OLD M. Then you're right to make a change ! You can't
stick to one till she's reg'lar wore out !

FRED. (*aside*) I never heard such horrible doctrines !
What d— dres he ta—take me for ?

OLD M. I've watched you, bless you, ever so long !
You're tired of pulling about by yourself ?

FRED. Yes, I hope *we* shall pull together before long !

OLD M. Oh, Gunnel or Sam will see to *that* ! You can't
expect *me* to do it !

FRED. (*stupidified*) Gunnel or Sam ? Thy can't be Carrie's
godfathers ?

OLD M. Now, take my word for it—"Carrie's" the one
for a sail ! My eye ! you should see her carry on !

FRED. I'm sure she never "carried on" in her life !

OLD M. I never see a tighter lot !

FRED. "Tight" ? My Carrie tight ? Oh, I see—it's
figurative, of course ! Ha ! ha ! (*bawling*) Yes, her edu-
cation is excellent ! (*rises*) Wonderfully taught !

OLD M. Didn't I *say so* ? Oh and my eye ! ha ! ha ! ain't
she fast ! !

FRED. *Fast* ? (*aside*) The old reprobate ! (*aloud*) I
don't believe it, sir, she's one of those household trea-
sures—

OLD M. Measures? It's in the advertisement! Thirty foot long—four and a half beam, and'll go through anything!!

FRED. (*aside*) The ancient mariner must have been drinking, or he is only joking. (*aloud*) Don't joke, you can trust me!

OLD M. Dusty? Yes, but she's been lying about the yard some time. Oh, you *will* like her when she's varnished!

FRED. (*romantically*) Now, *that's* a rough attempt at poetry! Putney Tennyson—"Oh, for a touch of varnished hand." Still, he's horribly candid.

OLD M. Have you seen her?

FRED. (*barfing*) Seen her? Of course I have! I—in all her maiden innocence!

OLD M. Ah, but she ain't done up yet! Wait till she's got her paint on!

FRED. P—paint? My Carrie paint?

OLD M. Come—don't haggle! What are you going to offer?

FRED. (*aside*) Oh, he understands at last that I am making an offer! (*aloud*) I'm not rich; but I've g—good expectations, and Carrie will be contented with little—

OLD M. (*holds ear; shaking head*) Cannot reduce the price! You must come to my terms!

FRED. (*aside*) Reduce the price? What a me—er—er—cenary old wretch it is! (*aloud*) Let mon—mon—money, sir, be no object!

OLD M. Money no object! (*aside*) That's quite a different thing! (*aloud*) Then we deal!

FRED. D—deal? (*aside*) Most objectionable words this old party uses! (*aloud*) Yes!

OLD M. And you take her?

FRED. Certainly!

OLD M. Your and! (*aside*) He's a soft chap! I could ha' got more for her if I'd tried; pity I hadn't got another like her! I must see to it at once! (*goes to R.H.* *CARRIE appears at back, L.C.*)

FRED. (*L.C.; rises*) Ah, Carrie!

CAR. (*L.H.*) Well, Fred, what did father say?

FRED. Hem! I won't repeat what he said—but he's consented. It's all right!

Enter MRS. MACCLESFIELD, C.

MRS. M. (*coming down R. of table*) Don't forget the condition of your father's consent, Mr. Frederick!

FRED. (*C.*) I'll g—go and fetch him at once! Once he looks at my Carrie, he'll give in like a stale crew, so I'm off! (*to OLD MACCLESFIELD*) Oh, sir, you've made me so happy!

OLD M. (R.) You fetch the money, and you can take her away!

FRED. What a mercenary father-in-law! Never mind! My Carrie's mine! Good-bye, darling! Good bye, Mrs. Mac—Mac—to be continued in our next! (*Exit. joyfully. L.C.*)

CAR. (*crossing and embracing her father, R.*) You dear, good old thing! You have made me so happy!

MRS. M. Well, Macclesfield, for once in a way, you have settled things well and quickly! (*down, L*)

OLD M. (*gets to C*) I thought the advertisement would fetch them! (*at R. of table*)

MRS. M. (L) What advertisement?

CAR. (R.) Fetch who?

OLD M. (C.) Why, the advertisement about the cutter. Didn't young Mr. Buttercup come to buy my cutter?

MRS. M. } No!

CAR.

MRS. M. (*shouting to OLD MACCLESFIELD*) He came for Carrie.

OLD M. Yes—my yacht, you stupid old ape!

MRS. M. No—your daughter, you pig-headed old fool! (*rises*)

OLD M. Then why did he agree to give me my terms?

MRS. M. I see how it is. You have muddled the whole thing, as usual! The young gentleman came to propose for your daughter's hand, and to tell you that his father would come to the house and arrange about the marriage.

OLD M. Oh indeed! You've settled it among yourselves, and I ain't to know nothing about it! (*hurt*) He wants to marry my Carrie, and take her away, and nobody ever says a word to me! But, look here, whether he gets Carrie, or whether he doesn't, he has bought the boat—and I will hold him to his bargain! Oh, you aggrawatin' warmints! (*Exit. C.*)

MRS. M. (C.) There! What did I tell you? He is getting worse and worse. Don't look unhappy, my dear, it will be all right! (*kisses CARRIE*) Now we have had enough of love for one day—I must see to the dinner! (*Exit, L.D.*)

CAR. (R.C.) Well, I'm the happiest girl on Thames' side this day—in spite of father and his deafness! (*takes work-basket to shelf, R.* Enter THEODORE. at back, R.C.; he looks dejected and throws his hat carelessly on one side) Ha, Theodore, I thought you were at Guy's to-day. You know you hav'n't been there all the week.

THEO. (L.C.) No. I have been botanising in the back-garden of the Butterscotch villa. (*coming L.C.*)

CAR. (R.) I suppose Kate was with you?

THEO. (L.C.) Yes. (*sits at piano, L., up stage and runs his fingers over the notes aimlessly during the next dialogue*)

CAR. Well, let me give you a bit of advice—to combine love and study a little more! I am afraid, considering you are going up for your final exam., that you are seeing a little too much of Kate for the present! (*crossing to him*)

THEO. Do not let that idea vex you, Carrie!

CAR. Be a man! Show pluck!

THEO. Don't talk of *pluck* before an exam.—for goodness sake! There's enough *atter*—

CAR. Well; but this will interfere with your prospects!

THEO. Oh, no! Kate is not likely to interfere with any more of my examinations!

CAR. Why?

THEO. This morning I came to the resolution of speaking to her father—

CAR. Well, what did *he* say?

THEO. Nothing, I did not see him; but I saw his wife!

CAR. Well, what did *she* say?

THEO. (*bitterly*) What did she not say? Told me to entertain no hopes of alliance with her family, and never to put my feet inside their gate again. (*plays accordingly*)

CAR. Oh! Oh! This is too cruel! (*bursting into tears*) Too—too—cruel!

THEO. (C., *stopping and rising from piano*) Dear Carrie! I knew I should have all your sympathy! (*goes to her, R.*)

CAR. (R.) But—but you haven't! Not a bit!

THEO. (*surprised*) How?

CAR. Simply because you have entirely ruined my prospects for life!

THEO. (*astounded*) What do you mean?

CAR. You know very well that Freddy Butterscotch was very fond of me, and to-day he came and proposed for me, and both father and mother consented, on the condition that his father approved of the match; and Fred has gone to ask him down here; and, meanwhile, you have gone and irritated the whole family against you. And, consequently, against me! And Freddy's father won't have it, and won't have me; and my whole little paradise is tumbled about my ears like a pack of cards, and it's all your doing! (*sobs*)

THEO. Oh, well my dear, all I have to say is, that I'm awfully sorry; both for myself and you! (*crosses back to piano*)

CAR. (*crossing, L., indignantly*) As if that were any satisfaction to me! Where is my mother? Perhaps she will

have some sympathy for me—since you have none ! (*Exit, L. 2 E. door*)

THEO. Good ! I'm getting reckless ! I'm never to see Kate again ! (*continuing to play piano* ; BUTTERSCOTCH appears at back, L.C., with the top-coat over his arm, followed by GREGORY. THEODORE does not see them)

BUTT. (C.) Gregory, dear boy, just you wait outside there ! I may have need of a witness, in which case I will call you in !

GREG. Very good, sir ! (*Exits, L.C. ; BUTTERSCOTCH comes down, R. Nods his head to the music for an instant—then speaks*)

BUTT. Young fellow's deeply interested in that music ! Perhaps he's just the man I'm looking for ! (*coughs*)

THEO. (L.C., rising) Halloa ! (*aside*) The devil ! It's old Butterscotch—luckily he does not know me !

BUTT. (R.C.) Are you a music-master ?

THEO. Why ?

BUTT. Because I am looking for one for my daughter. She wants some finishing lessons.

THEO. Oh, I shall be delighted to give her some finishing lessons !

BUTT. You could spare an hour or two a-day ?

THEO. Oh, certainly ! All the day !

BUTT. Ah, then, as a commercial man, I should say you're not in great demand !

THEO. (*aside*) Ass that I am ! (*aloud*) I meant all this day—as a rule. I'm very much run upon !

BUTT. Oh, what are your terms ?

THEO. Nothing, sir—nothing, nothing ! It will be a pleasure to me !

BUTT. Nothing—eh ? As a commercial man, then, I should say your lessons are worth just that amount !

THEO. (*aside*) Decidedly I'm mad ! (*aloud*) I beg your pardon—what I meant to say was, that there was no necessity to talk of terms—I accept what you will offer ; but my terms are usually half-a-guinea a lesson.

BUTT. Half-a-guinea ; can you begin to-morrow ?

THEO. Certainly I can.

BUTT. (*giving him a card*) There is my address !

THEO. Oh, I knew it !

BUTT. You knew it ?

THEO. I meant that I knew I should find your address on the card !

BUTT. Oh—are you giving lessons in this house ?

THEO. I ? Oh no, I live here !

BUTT. Live here ? (*aside*) They let lodgings ! a very low

lot ! (*aloud*) Then, of course you know the proprietor here—Mr. Macclesfield ?

THEO. Oh yes—rather—and Mrs. Macclesfield !

BUTT. (*astonished*) Mrs. Macclesfield ? Then he is married, is he ?

THEO. Oh yes ! (*aside*) He's come to complain of me !

BUTT. (*aside*) What a world ! what a world !

MRS. M. (*speaks at back*) Who did you say ?

THEO. If my mother should come in, there will be a scene, and all chance of seeing Kate will be destroyed !

MRS. M. (*off, L.D.*) I'm coming there directly !

THEO. There is Mrs. Macclesfield, sir—coming ! (*aside*) At all hazards, I'll see Kate, even if under false colours ! (*Exit. R.C.*)

BUTT. Such depravity as this amongst the lower orders I certainly had no conception of !

Enter MRS. MACCLESFIELD at back L., door, &c.

MRS. M. Mr. Butterscotch, I believe ? Leastways, your servant said so, outside—

BUTT. (*R.C.*) Yes, madam. (*bowing stiffly; aside*) My servant ! But what can you expect of low, ignorant people ?

MRS. M. (*L.C., grasping his hand*) My dear sir, how delighted I am to see you ! This is an honour ! Take a chair ! (*she brings down chair from R., up stage and places it L.C. ; both sit ; MRS. MACCLESFIELD sits by BUTTERSCOTCH'S side, L. ; he moving his chair away from her now and then during dialogue ; and she following him up*) My husband will be equally delighted to see you ! (*aside*) He ain't a bit proud ! And to think he should come at once to arrange about the marriage !

BUTT. (*aside*) The poor woman does not know of the abandoned conduct of her husband ! (*aloud*) I should prefer to see Mr. Macclesfield himself—

MRS. M. Just as you like, sir. But before seeing him, do tell me what are your views ? Are they favourable or not ?

BUTT. (*embarrassed*) Well, really, madam, since you have put the question so plainly to me, I must say that my views on the subject are not favourable !

MRS. M. That's bad ! Deary me ! Deary me !

BUTT. And when you know of the underhanded plots that have been going on behind my back, you will agree with me !

MRS. M. No doubt, sir, you are right. But you must make allowance for their conduct, when you know that they love each other to distraction !

BUTT. Good heavens, madam ! Then you know all about it ? (*retreats*)

MRS. M. At first I felt as you do, but they talked me over,

and I have quite taken their view of the matter! (*she follows*)

BUTT. (*aside*) I presume I am awake! (*aloud*) It seems to me madam, that you find excuses for their conduct?

MRS M. Yes, because in the course of a long life I have found that we often come to hasty conclusions! I am now an old woman—you yourself have but very few years to live—(*moves nearer*)

BUTT. Oh—you think so? (*follows, L., to arm chair*)

MRS M. Yes. In a few years more we shan't be here to say "Yea" or "Nay" to them. Therefore, why put off for ever so short a time making them happy together? (BUTTERSCOTCH rises with a loud exclamation) I ask your pardon for what I've said. (*rising*) I will find Mr. Macclesfield for you! Deary me! Deary me! (Exit, R.C.)

BUTT. Good heavens! A wife, condoning the libertinism of her husband, coolly tells me that I am going to die very shortly, and looks forward to that event as leaving my wife free to continue her unjustifiable conduct with her husband. (Exit, R.)

Enter MRS. MACCLESFIELD, R.C.

MRS. M. (C L.) My husband will be here directly. (*business aside*) I have told him how matters stand, and that, no doubt, Mr. Butterscotch objects to the match on the score of money.

Enter OLD MACCLESFIELD, R.C. MRS MACCLESFIELD points out BUTTERSCOTCH to him in dumb-show, then exits L. door 2 E.

BUTT. (R.; *aside*) Never! Can that be the Tom Tug—the romantic sailor that my wife has gone crazy over?

OLD M. (L.C.) Mr. Butterscotch, senior, I am very pleased to see you here!

BUTT. (*bowing stiffly; aside*) I do not think you will say so in another five minutes.

OLD M. Will you be good enough to sit down?

BUTT. What I have to say to you, sir, I prefer to say standing. Do you know this coat? (*holds it out*)

OLD M. (*believing that he gives it to him to put down*) Allow me. (*hangs it up, L.H.*)

BUTT. (*aside*) That's cool! (*aloud*) It is your property, is it not? Yes; I see it is!

OLD M. (L.C.) My old woman, I fancy, has told you how things stand?

BUTT. Your old woman, sir, has tried to excuse your vices.

OLD M. (*nodding amicably*) That's all right, then. It is a subject upon which we are both agreed!

BUTT. Oh! is it?

OLD M. I do not conceal from myself that it is a great honour for me to have a footing in a house so distinguished as yours!

BUTT. (*aside*) The infernal old reprobate! Owns up to coming into my house!

OLD M. I do not pretend to be a rich man; and I cannot pay up much—

BUTT. Ah, at last you come to the point; and since you own your crime, let us pass at once to the future! After reflection, I have resolved to avoid a public scandal! Whatever be the grief and pain to me, my foolish wife shall at least have nothing to reproach me with! She shall leave me; but it shall be my duty to see that she is not left penniless. And I look to you, sir, as the author of the wrong, to make such a settlement upon her as will, at all events, secure her from misery for the rest of her unhappy life! (*goes, R*)

OLD M. (*aside*) I can't hear what he says. If he'd only speak up a bit I might get at it; but I believe he is trying to get out of giving all the money for the young couple.

BUTT. Well, sir?

OLD M. As you are a rich man, I think it is only fair that you should settle something for me on the lady.

BUTT. (*electrified*) Do you feel no shame, you old villain, at making me such a proposition?

OLD M. Certainly—you agree with me? All the details I will leave to your lawyer, as I never employ one myself.

BUTT. (*aside*) Happy thought! Better that I should see my solicitor at once, and have the separation drawn out in legal fashion. (*nodding; aloud*) Yes, I will see my lawyer at once.

OLD M. Then you agree with me? Very good. I suppose to-morrow will do? I will go with you to his office.

BUTT. No, sir, not to his office! (*Shakes head*)

OLD M. No?

BUTT. (*producing card*) There is my address—but why give it to you? You know it but too well! At my house—to-morrow at one o'clock!

OLD M. (*aside*) He appears to want me to go to his house! (*aloud*) I am very pleased to have met you, and that the affair has been arranged in such a friendly fashion! Your 'and! I'll just go—(*crosses, R*)—and tell my old woman! (*goes up*) Look here, if you want a little drop o' sunmat—brandy—gin—or whisky, I'll mix it for you. You know, we understand each other. Leave it to me, all right! Ha!

ha! (*digests BUTTERSCOTCH in ribs.* Exit, R.U.E. ; BUTTERSCOTCH crosses L.)

Enter FRED, with jacket over his flannels, R.C.

FRED. (R., up stage, not seeing BUTTERSCOTCH) It's no good! I'm afraid to stop, and I can't keep away! I've written to the Governor a note—asking—Why, here he is! Phew! (*aloud*) Why, my d—d—dear old d—d—dad, I never expected to see you h—here! (*aside*) Now, that's simple hysterical untruth!

BUTT. (L.) And I certainly never looked to meet you—here!

FRED. (R.C.) N—never mind! Of course, it's the l—last place I *should* be in—but I'm j—jolly glad you've c—come, because it s—seems t—to you—seems to—d—don't you?

BUTT. Eh?

FRED. Guv'nor, you have often warned me against the tem—t—m—

BUTT. Thames? Yes—boating is dangerous!

FRED. I m—mean the tem—temptations which beset youth!

BUTT. Of course!

FRED. W—well, I've taken your advice to heart! (*pause*) I'm going to m—marry!

BUTT. Are you mad? *Marry?*

FRED. Y—you did—t—twice! Now, I don't start like that! It is quite possible that a second marriage may be a mistake—

BUTT. it is! it is!

FRED. Now, I don't propose to go—go into a second m—marriage; but only to begin with a first, and if you only saw the g—girl I love, I'm certain you wouldn't refuse your consent!

BUTT. But all this is news to me, Fred. Who is she? Where does she live?

FRED. My Carrie's the daughter of old M—M—Macclesfield, and she lives here!

BUTT. Macclesfield! (*starting*) Wretched boy!

FRED. N—not a bit of it! We love each other so dearly!

BUTT. (*aside*) The daughter of the destroyer of my happiness! (*crosses, R.*)

FRED. You will consent, won't you, dad?

BUTT. (*oracularly*) Never, sir, never! You don't know what you ask me (R.), but this I tell you—that it is impossible! Later on you will know why, and you will approve what I have said! Meanwhile, I leave this house, my son, and never enter it again!

FRED. (*aside*) What's come to him? My best p-p-plan is not to argue, but to g go outside for f-five minutes and get cool. (*aloud*) I'll go, sir, but y-y-ou'll change your mind yet! See if you don't. (*goes out at back, R.C.*)

BUTT. Here's another complication. Freddy wants to marry—and of all the women on this wide desert he selects the daughter of this man. The best move is to find another sweetheart for him. Some fresh, blooming, artless, young creature! Ah, I have an idea—Gregory! (*aside*) If my memory only is right as to this! (*crosses, L*) (*Enter GREGORY at back, wiping his mouth, R.U.E.C.*) Where have you been?

GREG. (*R.C., awkwardly*) Well, sir—just been having a pot of 'arf-and-'arf with a gentleman as owns a barge down there!

BUTT. (*L.C.*) Tell me, Gregory, if I mistake not, you've got a sister?

GREG. Yes, sir!

BUTT. How old?

GREG. Nineteen.

BUTT. Brought up entirely in the country, eh?

GREG. Yes, sir, but she's now in London.

BUTT. (*surprised*) In London?

GREG. Yes, sir—Bayswater—it's a ladies' school, sir!

BUTT. But—at her age, I don't—Ah, parlour, I suppose?

GREG. That's it, sir! (*aside*) How did he know she was parlourmaid?

BUTT. Well, Gregory, you must bring her to see me one day!

GREG. First Sunday—

BUTT. No—no, sooner than that! I've an idea, Gregory! You saw my son just now, that youth in boating flannels?

GREG. Yes, sir.

BUTT. He shall marry your sister! (*presses his hand*)

GREG. You don't say so? (*aside*) This is the rummest place I ever tumbled into! (*crossing, R.*)

Enter OLD MACCLESFIELD, R. door 2 R. GREGORY up stage

OLD M. (*C.L., with gin and water; seizing BUTTERSCOTCH'S hand*) Here you are! I mixed it myself! The old lady has told me all—You're a gentleman—and I see no objection to you. Your 'and!

BUTT. (*L., furious*) Why, curse your impudence, what do you mean, you miserable?—(*music*)

Enter FREDDY, R.C.

FRED. (*down c., indignant*) Fair words, father, I—I ain't much, but I won't p—put up with this!

BUTT. (*bewildered*) Is everybody mad? *Freddy!* I call on you to assert our family position!

Enter CARRIE, L. door 2 E.

FRED. (C.) And I insist on your respecting the m—man who is to be my s—second f—father!

CARR. (L.C., *seizing BUTTERSCOTCH's hand*) Though you lose a son, let me be your daughter!

FRED. (*furious*) No—I'll have no self-humiliation! Look up, Carrie—you're as good as the best of them!

OLD M. (R.C., *delighted*) Ain't they happy? Bless 'em! (*goes up R.C.*)

BUTT. (L.) Here's Colney Hatch broken loose! Gregory—have you nothing to say? (*goes up, L.*)

Enter THEODORE, who comes right down, L.

GREG. *seizing FRED's hand* What—brother-in-laa!

FRED. You be damned! Theo! Stand by me! (*pulls*

CARRIE down, R.) (*MACCLESFIELD goes up, C.*)

THEO. (R.C.) What's up, Mr. Butterscotch?

OLD M. (*innocently delighted*) Here's peacefulness! *Here's* a family party! (*to BUTTERSCOTCH*) Your 'and guv'nor (*seizing hand*) Your 'and!

CURTAIN QUICK!

GREGORY. THEODORE. OLD BUTTERSCOTCH. FRED. CARRIE.

END OF ACT 2.

TIME, Thirty-six Minutes.

ACT III.

Seventeen minutes' wait.

SCENE.—*Interior drawing-room in the Butterscotch Villa, doors C. R. and L., handsomely furnished. (N.B.—This Act must be played rapidly.) FRED discovered seated.*

FRED. N—no getting at the g—guv'nor! He's shut *me* and my h—hopes up, and now he's shut *himself* up! The missis has g—one into voluntary banishment, and Kate's do—oing *her* sentence in her room! All d—d m—mystery.

ULLAGE *enters, L.C., from back, with McTODDY.*

ULL. Gentleman for Mr. Butterscotch, sir! (*Exits, C.L.*)

FRED. (*aside*) N—now, who's this? Looks as if he'd left the outside of a tobacconist's for the afternoon!

MAC. T. (L.C., *speaking with strong Scotch accent*) This is Cranberry Villa, isn't it?

FRED. (R.C.) Yes—I be—lieve so!

MAC. T. Weel, sir, ye must know that a cabman (*looking at ticket*), No. 3,407, just left some property o' mine here in a mistake yesterday.

FRED. Oh, indeed!

MAC. T. Yes, sir! Ye must know, sir, I'm frae the North. (*L. of table*)

FRED. You surprise me!

MAC. T. Yes, sir—I'm frae Aberdeenshire. I'm the MacToddy—but I married a MacPherson!

FRED. Ah, I see—not a p—p—pure To—o—ddy?

MAC. T. Weel—a little mixed.

FRED. A sort of blend?

MAC. T. Just sae, sir. Weel, I was riding in a cab, the day before yesterday, with a new topcoat on—

FRED. What—the cab?

MAC. T. No, sir—mysel! I had just got it made for me in Aberdeen! (*snuffs, and hands box to FRED*)

FRED. In Ab—b—berdeen! (*aside*) Thought they wore nothing but k—kilts and bagpipes there. (*snuffs and returns*)

MAC. T. Weel, sir, them cabmen are ower extortionate chiefs! My man had only driven me ae mile and one thousand seven hundred yards, an' wasna' content wi' a

shelling! Sae I jist took his number, an' right glad I am I did—for when I got to the hotel, I'd left it in the cab.

FRED. Left the hotel in the c—cab! Why, *that* would be overweight! A shilling wasn't too much, altogether, I should say!

MAC. T. (*dull*) Hech! Ma topcoat, sir—it's no the value o' the coat—though *that* cost me sax shellings and saxpence!

FRED. (*rises*) Wh—at has your greatcoat to d—do with me, sir?

MAC. T. (*rises*) I've just tracked it here sir,—the cabman was honest, though he was extortion'a'e, an' ma topcoat's *here*.

FRED. I'm glad you've found it! Take care of it, sir, in future, and when you go back to Sc—Scotland, should such an exception to the national custom occur, sir—be cautious not to leave articles of clothing in ca—abs. (ULLAGE *enters*, L.C.) Ask him for the garment you have l—lost! G—good day! (*aside*) Now for another try at the g—guv'nor. (*Exits*, R.C.)

MAC. T. (R.C.) I've just called for ma topcoat, ye ken!

ULL. (L.C.) Oh, *you're* the gentleman that was coming to-day. Master talked o' nothing but that coat, sir!

MAC. T. (*dull*) Hech! Ye'll just fetch it, young man, then! Ma name's on the collar!

ULL. I know, sir! "The Mac"—and—

MAC. T. (*joyfully*) *That's* it. The Mac. T.

ULL. I'm so glad you've come for it, sir! (*aside*) Master said the name was "Macclesfield." I'll go for it, sir—I'll go for it!

Enter KATE, C. ; business.

KATE. I *must* see papa—I'm determined! Dear me, who is that gentleman, Ullage!

ULL. (L.) Mr. Macclesfield, miss! (*Exit*, C.)

KATE. (*starting*) Theodore's father! Oh, he's made my heart beat! My Theo's papa! Dear old gentleman! I can't help loving him, though I've never seen him before!

KATE. (L.C.) My dear sir—

MAC. T. (R.C.) Pardon, miss—

KATE. Ah, don't call me "Miss"! Call me "Kate"!

MAC. T. (L.) Ca' ye "Kate"?

KATE. Yes—do. I wish to be very dear to you!

MAC. T. (*crossing*, L.) Eh? The sakes! What would Mrs. McToddy say? (*aloud*) It's aboon a topcoat I'm here!

KATE. I know. (*aside*) He alludes to Theo! (*aloud*) But

you will have *both* of us to love, you know! (*tenderly*) I won't tell you how much already I care for you! Oh, do not refuse me your protection! I can *never* love another, and I'm very, very wretched! (*weeps. Exit, L.C.*)

MAC. T. (*takes hat*) A'm in an asylum! I'm awa'! (*going, C.*)

Enter AURELIA, L.D. 2 E.

AUR. (L.C.) Who's this now? I beg your pardon, sir. May I inquire—?

MAC. T. (R.C.) It's just naethin', my leddy! (*aside*) A female patient!

AUR. (*aside*) That accent! It's—of course! (*aloud*) Ah, I know you now, sir! You are Mr. Jobling!

MAC. T. (*aside*) A' maun humour her! (*aloud*) Just so! (*aside*) Puir leddie!

AUR. Excuse my abruptness; but Kate's happiness is everything to me; and as she has set her heart upon—

MAC. T. (*alarmed*) She shall have it, ma'am! I consent! I consent!

AUR. Thank you! Kate will be so rejoiced, poor girl! But you are a good—a noble man! Let me introduce you to my husband! Dear Mr. Jobling—come!

MAC. T. (*aside*) I maun humour her! (*aloud*) I'm comin', ma'am! (*aside*) My topcoat's gane, and I'm shut in wi' a lunatic! What wad Mrs. MacToddy say? (*Exits, L., door, 2 E.*)

Enter BUTTERSCOTCH, with topcoat, C.L., followed by ULLAGE.

BUTT. Show Mr. Vellum into this room when he arrives, and if another—hem—gentleman should call—on business—let me know! (*bell; puts coat on chair, R.U.E. Exit, R. door*)

ULL. (L.C.) The guv'nor seems might upset; though when it comes to rooms in the droring-room—

Enter OLD MACCLESFIELD, L.C.

OLD M. I wish to see Mr. Butterscotch.

ULL. (*crossing to R., loftily*) I'll acquaint Mr. Butterscotch immediate. (*aside*) Master might well hesitate at calling him a gentleman.

OLD M. Your 'and! (*shakes hands with ULLAGE. Exit ULLAGE R. door*)

OLD M. (*sitting L. of armchair*) That's a civil-spoken chap, now! Not stuck-up, like most flunkies! Lord! ain't this here seat a soft 'un! Ain't everythink grand, too!

But this here must mean a good bit o' money in the owner !
I shall stick out for settlements !

Enter FRED from R.C. at back.

FRED. (R.) Can't spot the guv'nor at all ! (*sees OLD MACCLESFIELD*) Hallo—you here ?

OLD M. (*rising*) Well, Mr. Frederick, I'm punctual, you see !

FRED. (R.) Punctual ? Why, my father swore about you all the way home yesterday.

OLD M. (C.) Made hisself wery pleasant—did the old chap ? Giv' me the invite like a gent, and I says to myself, I see, "The least I can do is to be punctual !"

FRED. (*aside*) I hope he's not been drinking ! I could respect a deaf father-in-law ; but not one that got *blind* drunk ! It's one of his blunders, I see ! (*to OLD MACCLESFIELD*) You'd better go ! (*makes signs for him to go*) If you don't understand that—I give in !

OLD M. Over there ? (*points C.*) Out yonder ? Oh—I see ! —oh, she's well enough ! So's the old lady ! By-the-bye, that was a mean advantage you took of me about my "Carrie" ! She's on hand still, sink her ! (*sits on arm-chair L. of table*)

FRED. (R.C.) D—don't you say a word against that d—lear girl ! Or I—I—

OLD M. Why don't you speak up like a man ? and not like a sewing-machine—click ! click ! click !

FRED. Why don't you *hear* like a man ? and not sit like a garden-roller, m—making bub—blunders !

OLD M. You mean well, young man, and you can't help your infirmity, but I'll have it out with *someone* ; and that *someone's* your father ! I'm here to strike the blow !

FRED. I s—see it all now ! There's been a row between that peppery guv'nor and him ! I'll stop this at all hazards—it mustn't be !

OLD M. (*facetiously digging his sides*) Your business is to look after the ring ! Leave the serious business to us old chaps !

FRED. "Ring" ? A retired baker *versus* a superannuated "miller" ! The poor guv'nor'll be knocked out of time directly ! (*barling*) If you want a v—victim, sanguinary boatman, strike *here—here* ! (*touching himself*. OLD MACCLESFIELD *inspecting waistcoat*) I take this quarrel on myself !

OLD M. *Who's on the shelf* ! I ain't so old as all that, young Jack-a-Dandy, so I tell you ! (*business*)

FRED. You're a bloodthirsty old man ; and if you weren't so old, and Carrie's father, I—I'd punch your head !

OLD M. (*gratified*) If you apologise, there's an end of the matter! When a gentleman apologises, I'm never back'ard at taking of him pleasant! Your 'and!

FRED. They always shake hands before a set-to! If I could only get him away on *any* pretext! (*bawling*) The garden will be the best place, don't you think?

OLD M. O' course I'll drink! The settlements is ready to be squared—you take the gal—I takes a annuity, everybody comfortable, and why not drink 'ealth and 'appiness to the young couple?

FRED. What young couple? He's been drinking!

OLD M. Mind you—I don't say that Carrie mightn't ha' married a sharper chap than you—but a bargain's a bargain!

FRED. Carrie—marry me? Have I been making a fool of myself over this? This visit isn't a hostile one—the guv'nor's going to settle Carrie on me—at least, I mean—I mean—that I'm out of my mind with joy! I'll go and thank the guv'nor! Poor old Macclesfield—I misunderstood him! (*seizing his hand*) Bless you—you've made me happy for life! Oh, Carrie! (*Exit, C.R.*)

OLD M. (R.C.) Not sherry—port for me. Give me a good glass of rough port, that 'angs about your mouth for a 'our or so afterwards. Well, he's a flighty lot, he is. But if he's fond of Carrie—and brings her a tidy bit o' cash—and buys that there yacht—I'll overlook his faults.

Enter AURELIA, L. door 3 E.

AUR. (L.C.) Just heard Freddy's good news. (*sees OLD MACCLESFIELD*) And here is the old gentleman himself. (*advances to him*) Mr. Macclesfield—

OLD M. (R.C., *rising*) My—here's a prime one! You ain't old Butterscotch's wife, surely? (*shakes her hand*)

AUR. (*smiling*) Yes, I am Mrs. Butterscotch.

OLD M. (R.C.) I've seen the young 'un, ma'am, and we're sailing along all right. I hope we shall be happy together, I really do. (*sits R. of table. AURELIA L. of table*)

BUTTERSCOTCH appears R. door 2 E.

BUTT. (R.D., *aside*) Together—and congratulating themselves on the success of their infamous scheme!

AUR. I quite endorse your wish; and I really see nothing to cloud the horizon

OLD M. No, it ain't surprisin'.

AUR. There is affection, and there are adequate means provided. Surely these promise well?

BUTT. (*coming down, L.*) Let us hope so.

AUR. (L.C., *rising and attempting to embrace him*) Ah,

here is our hermit, whom I have not seen since I don't know when !

BUTT. (*coldly, c.*) Since yesterday. But great events can happen in twenty-four hours.

AUR. (*L.C.*) True—and certainly one very happy event has happened for me in these twenty-four hours.

BUTT. (*coldly*) And that is—?

AUR. (*pointing to OLD MACCLESFIELD*) His presence here.

BUTT. What ? (*aside*) She is brass, yet lacquers it with a smile. (*OLD MACCLESFIELD perceives BUTTERSCOTCH is present*)

OLD M. Sir, your servant. I have just been telling your wife of your friendly intentions.

BUTT. (*sarcastically*) Oh, you are very good !

OLD M. She appears very satisfied.

BUTT. No doubt. (*crosses, R.*) I must request you, sir, however, to be good enough to walk in there. (*opening door, R.*)

OLD M. (*aside*) He wants to show me his fine house. (*aloud*) In there ?

BUTT. If you will be so kind.

OLD M. Very good. (*taking AURELIA's hand*) Your 'and ! I hope to see you again soon. (*Exit, R.D.*)

BUTT. (*aside ; R.C.*) The cool effrontery of the whole thing is perfectly astounding. (*aloud*) It appears, then, that you are satisfied with my intentions ?

AUR. (*L.*) Of course I am.

BUTT. (*R.C.*) Then you wish me to go on with what I have commenced ?

AUR. Most certainly.

BUTT. (*aside*) After all, this audacity nerves me for the trial.

AUR. By-the-way, your friend Jobling has arrived from the North.

BUTT. (*in a reverie*) What is Jobling to a mind diseased ?

AUR. Why, what is the matter with you ?

BUTT. Nothing—nothing ! (*striking breast*)

AUR. (*trying to fondle him*) But I am sure there is, dear. I wish you would tell me : for I do like making people happy.

BUTT. I know you do. (*aside*) Other people.

AUR. (*going*) I'll leave you, and when your confab with your solicitor is over I'll come back. Meanwhile, I shall send your friend to you. (*Exits, door, L.*)

BUTT. She likes to make others happy—what a beautiful feminine way of describing the ruin of an entire household. (*takes out handkerchief, wipes brow, and strides backwards and*

orwards) I choke—I positively stifle. (*wriggles himself*) Why does my infernal tailor make my clothes so tight? Let me see—Kate's future I have satisfactorily settled—she marries Gregory: and now to dispose of Frederick——

OLD M. (*peeping out, R.*) I say, old chap, you don't seem in a hurry! And them settlements is a-coolin'—If you ain't anxious about this business I am, and so's your wife—bless her! (*Exit, R. door*)

BUTT. Good heavens—bet my lawyer will soon be here to——

Enter ULLAGE, L.C., door, showing in MR. VELLUM, C., with his legal hand-bag.

ULL. (*announcing*) Mr. Vellum, sir. (*Exit, C L*)

BUTT. (*R C*) Ah, Vellum, I am glad to see you. (*impressively*) To-day, my friend, a very important event occurs in my family, which must pass through your hands.

VELL. (*L.C.*) I see. (*aside*) I suppose his daughter's going to get married. (*aloud*) Well, I wait your instructions sir.

BUTT. In point of fact, Vellum, a certain Mr. Macclesfield who is deeply mixed up in this affair, is at this present moment in the next room, and it will greatly depend upon him what view you take of a settlement.

VELL. (*aside*) Ah—I thought so—a marriage settlement. (*aloud*) Quite so—quite so.

BUTT. You had better go in and talk the matter over with him (*goes up to door, R.*) Will you have the goodness to step in there?

VELL. (*crosses, R.*) Just as you wish. The name is——?

BUTT. "Macclesfield." (*opens door, R. VELLUM bows and passes him, and Exits, R. door*) The first step is now taken, and I shall go on—cost what it may. (*down, R.; Enter GREGORY, L.C., at back*) You will go at once and give your sister my compliments. Yes—and say that I should be glad if she will come and spend the day with us.

GREG. (*L.C., astonished*) I do not exactly know, sir, if they will let her out—her night being the first Sunday in the month, and this is only——

BUTT. (*R.C.*) Pooh! Nonsense! Be off—(*going up*)—and lose no time, and bring her back with you. Don't forget she's to be my Freddy's wife. (*Exit, L.C.*)

GREG. I never was in such a place as this before! (*sits awkwardly in fauteuil*) Nice girl, Miss Kate; but I don't think she cares for me, because whenever she sees me—she hooks it.

OLD M. (*peeping out, R.*) Ain't nobody going to bring

nothing to drink? Here's a old cove like a lawyer a-
talking nineteen to the dozen, and I can't hear a word;
which it's made me reg'lar thirsty. Here, you—sir,
where's the wine and sangwitches?

GREG. I'm only the groom, sir.

OLD. M. In the room? Why didn't you say so before?
Your 'and! (*Exit, R. door*)

Enter FRED at back, R.C.

FRED. (R.C.) Where the d-devil has the g-guv'nor
stowed himself? (*sees GREGORY*) Here—you fellow—
where's my father?

GREG. (L.C., *aside*) Why—this 'ere's my brother-in-law,
then. (*aloud*) Glad to see you. (*seizing his hand*) How are
you?

FRED. (*shaking him off*) L—let go, will you? Who are
you to be so devilish familiar, I should like to know?

GREG. (*aside*) He ain't so pleasant as his guv'nor (*aloud*)
Why, there was no need to cut up rough about it. I'm
brother to the gal you're going to marry. Now then!

FRED. Why, she's only got *one* brother. (*aside*) It's a
trick of the guv'nor's.

GREG. Well, that's me. And you're to be friendly like
the old gentleman says. Ah, you'll like Susan—

FRED. (*loudly*) Carrie.

GREG. (*staring*) What? Where?

FRED. He's an impostor. What? Where? Carry your-
self off to the devil. Do you think I don't know the family?
I've never seen you there at any time, my fine fellow. (*aside*)
I'll catch him.

GREG. I know you ain't seen me, 'cos you ain't been
there.

FRED. Oh, then perhaps I don't know your sister?

GREG. How *should* you? You needn't take me up so
sharp.

FRED. Why, you miserable little impostor, if you had
been properly coached, you'd know that your sister and my-
self have been engaged for months—that I am always at the
house; and know more about the family than ever you could,
you infernal little spy?

GREG. I say, if you're going to marry my sister you'd
better keep a civil tongue in your head, or I'm damned if I
let you have her.

FRED. If you lift a hand, I'll chuck you out o' window.

GREG. And what's *more*, if you don't mind, I won't marry
your sister.

FRED. (*staggered*) You won't marry Kate?

GREG. No, I *won't*—though your guv'nor is so hot on it.

FRED. Oh, so my guv'nor wants you to marry my sister Kate? You d—dare to say that to my face? If you dare to mention in—my sister's name, I'll kn—knock you into the middle of next week. Your sister? Why, she's worth a thou-and li—like you.

GREG. Who says she ain't? And yours is worth twenty thousand of you. Pretty brother-in-law you'll make.

FRED. Why, you—im—impudent scoundrel. (*seizes him*)

GREG. No, you don't—

FRED. D—don't I, though? (*throws him down, L.H.*) You shrimp, you—you're not worth hitting. I want a giant! (*Enter MAC TODDY, L. door*) You'll do. (*strikes at MAC TODDY, who Exits, L.H.*)

MAC. T. Anither of them. (*escapes back again*)

GREG. He ain't like the rest o' t' family. This ain't receiving me with open arms. (*crosses R, 4*)

Enter AURELIA, L., door 2 E.

AUR. My husband is here, I believe! (*sees GREGORY*) Ah, (*GREGORY rises and bows awkwardly*) may I inquire, sir, if you are waiting to see anyone?

GREG. Yes, I am waiting to see Kate. (*winks*)

AUR. (*L. ; aside*) Very familiar.

GREG. (*R.*) And after I have seen her, I have got to go and fetch my sister.

AUR. (*aside*) His sister? Kate— I see it all, it must be her Theodore. (*aloud, smiling*) I beg your pardon, sir, but I will immediately bring Kate to you. (*going to door, aside*) This is scarcely the sort of youth I should have selected for my beau-ideal. (*Exit, L. door*)

GREG. (*grinning with delight*) This is a stunner. (*going up, L.C.*)

OLD M. (*appears, R.*) There's that chap again. Look here, young fellow, don't you go a-giving up yourself to untruth. There ain't bite nor sup in the room—I'm ashamed on you.

GREG. (*going*) Ask the head butler. (*Exit, C.R.*)

OLD M. Well, *bread-and-butter*—or anythink—for I'm fairly famished—and law's dry work, even when you don't 'ear it. (*Exit, R. door*)

Enter THEODORE, C., at back, with roll of music.

THEO. In her house again—and this time by an arrangement with her father. Ah, someone's coming. (*sits on sofa, L.*)

Enter BUTTERSCOTCH, L.C., at back, and JELICOE

BUTT. (*aside*) Come in, friend. You understand thoroughly what I want of you?

JELL. (L.C.) Certainly. Seeing that this was coming on, I have for many weeks past kept a diary of all that transpired in your summer-house.

BUTT. (*affected*) Thank you (*shakes him by the hand*) This is neighbourly—this is kind!

JELL. Do not mention it, and console yourself with the thought that never was there a case clearer than yours. (JELICOE sees THEODORE) Ah, you have trapped your man!

BUTT. Trapped? (*surprised*) What man?

JELL. The man of the summer-house—the serpent. You know?

BUTT. But where?

JELL. (*pointing*) There!

BUTT. (*astonished*) You must be mistaken.

JELL. (*sarcastically*) Oh yes—I may be wrong. I may have seen him every day of my life for six weeks and not know him now. Oh yes—but I do not think so!

BUTT. That he? (*aside*) A light breaks in upon me. (*aloud*) Very good, my friend. I will get to the bottom of this at once. Meanwhile (*pushing JELICOE towards R door*) Go in there. You know Vellum; he is preparing the papers.

JELL. Is he, though? (*aside*) This is one of the happiest moments of my life. (*Exits, R door*)

BUTT. (*looking at THEODORE, R.C.*) Sir? (THEODORE rises) You have grossly deceived me.

THEO. (L.C.) I have.

BUTT. You are not a music master.

THEO. Well, no—I'm not!

BUTT. And your name is Macclesfield!

THEO. It is.

BUTT. Theodore Macclesfield.

THEO. Same name as my father—yes.

BUTT. (*aside*) That is where the confusion arose. (*aloud*) You cannot deny, sir, that you have been prowling in my garden?

THEO. No, I cannot, and do not wish to.

BUTT. Nor can you deny that you came to see a lady clandestinely.

THEO. (*aside*) I'd better out with it all. (*aloud*) To a certain extent, my visits were clandestine: but I thought that might be softened by the fact that I was introduced by your own son.

BUTT. What? (*staggered*) By my son?

THEO. Yes; and that being so, and as I have frankly avowed my error, I have only now to entreat you to look kindly upon us, and to bestow her upon me.

BUTT. (*wildly*) Oh, of course—of course.

THEO. And by so doing you will make two hearts happy.

BUTT. (*aside*) My brain is in such a state that I cannot talk to the young desperado any longer. (*going to R. door, and opening it; aloud, with elaborate politeness*) Would you be good enough, sir, to walk in there? You will find them all there with my solicitor.

THEO. (*crosses to R., seeking to grasp BUTTERSCOTCH's hand, which he withholds*) Oh, sir, I can never thank you sufficiently for your noble conduct.

BUTT. Enter, sir, and join your father.

THEO. (*surprised*) My father here? Extraordinary—
(*Exit R.D.*)

BUTT. (*coming down, R.*) I appear to be calm: but it is the calmness of Hecla—snow without—fire within!

Enter FRED, L.C.

FRED. (L.C.) M—my d—dear f—father, I'm delighted to catch you at last, and to th—thank you for your goodness.

BUTT. (R.C., *astonished*) My goodness!

FRED. Y—yes—but you were awfully artful over it. I heard all about the lawyers and the settlements—and to think that you meant me to be married all the time.

BUTT. Yes, I did, though it seems you repay my care for you by introducing, surreptitiously, gentlemen into my grounds. I want no equivocation—your friend Macclesfield has confided all to me.

FRED. I'm j—jolly glad to hear it. Then you won't mind my marrying, sir?

BUTT. Not in the least. (*aside*) Gregory's sister's sure to be here presently, and Vellum shall draft the settlements. (*aloud*) Go in there, Freddy, you'll find them waiting for you.

FRED. Th—them? W—who?

BUTT. The Macclesfield family, Frederick.

FRED. (*aside*) He's consented—it's all right. (*crosses R., aloud*) My dear sir—(*seizing BUTTERSCOTCH's hand, which he withholds*) You good old dad—I can n—n—never th—thank you too mum—much. (*Exit R.D.*)

BUTT. (*coming down*) The amount of people that I am making happy to-day is positively astounding. (*smiling bitterly*) Long may it last.

Enter ULLAGE at back, L.O.

ULL. (*announcing*) This way, if you please, ma'am.

Enter MRS. MACCLESFIELD and CARRIE at back, L.C. ;

Exit ULLAGE, C.

MRS. M. Oh here's Mr. Butterscotch. (*comes down and shakes hands effusively with him*)

BUTT (R) You here?

MRS. M (C.) Yes, with my Carrie. (*CARRIE smiles and bows*) The fact is, sir, we felt all of a tremble like, and could not stay at home; so we just whipped on our bonnets and came along in the bus; it's only twopence, and lor', sir, we do hope you and Macclesfield have agreed about everything.

CAR (L) Papa's a little rough, sir; but he's a dear, good man, and I'm sure he'll do everything you think proper.

BUTT. So I should think. (*pointing to door*) Will you have the goodness to step in there? You will find them all there. (*showing them into room*)

CAR. (L., *surprised*) All who, sir?

BUTT. (*aside*) On second thoughts—no. The room's quite full as it is. Ladies, pray be seated. (*MRS. MACCLESFIELD and CARRIE cross and sit, R. ; speaks off door, R.*) Whenever you are ready, Mr. Vellum, I am. Perhaps the meeting had better take place here.

Enter AURELIA and KATE, R.C.

BUTT (*presenting them*) Mrs. and Miss Macclesfield—Mrs. Butterscotch—Miss Butterscotch. (*the ladies salute each other*)

Enter FRED, JELlicoe, OLD MACCLESFIELD, THEODORE, and VELLUM. VELLUM sits at table; the others form groups. During this, AURELIA tries to speak to her husband aside.

BUTT. Now, my friends, pray be seated.

Enter ULLAGE with wine from C. ; puts it on table at back, R.H. Then Exit, C.

AUR. (*aside to BUTTERSOTCH*) What is the meaning of all this mystery?

BUTT. (*coldly*) You will know in good time.

FRED. (*coming up to the other side of BUTTERSOTCH*) T—t—thank you a thousand times—it's all right, dad.

BUTT. I am glad to hear it. (*to VELLUM*) Now, Mr. Vellum, I think we had better proceed to business.

VELL. Very good, sir; I have spoken to the parties con-

cerned, and I believe there will be no difficulty about a settlement.

BUTT. Mr. Vellum, be good enough then to read the memorandum of the understanding you have come to.

VELL. (*clearing his throat*) Certainly, hem! In the preamble of the settlement is set out the consent of Mr. Macclesfield, senior, to the marriage of his son, Theodore Macclesfield, junior, with Catherine, only daughter of Mr. Butterscotch.

BUTT. (*gasping with astonishment*) What? (*gets closer to VELLUM*)

OLD M. (*tearfully*) Good will to you all.

AUR. We are listening, Mr. Vellum—read on. (*coming forward*)

BUTT. (*rises half aside to VELLUM*) But have you—is that?—I mean, can it possibly be?—

AUR. (*aside to BUTTERSOTCH*) Do sit down, dear.

BUTT. (*aside*) I give it up. (*sits L. of table and mops his forehead; to VELLUM*) Excuse me, Mr. Vellum, but did you agree to all this? (*holds out hand, pointing at OLD MACCLESFIELD*)

OLD M. (*shaking BUTTERSOTCH's hand*) Your 'and, old chap, and many of them. (*rises and brings decanter and glass from table at back, and places it on the ground by his side, R.H.; helps himself to wine*)

BUTT. What does this old person mean?

MRS. M. You must speak very loud, sir, because my husband is as deaf as a post.

BUTT. } Deaf?

AUR. }
FRED. Deaf as a crumpet.

MRS. M. Quite; but he does not like to confess it.

BUTT. (*aside*) A light breaks in on me. (*to VELLUM*) Well, sir, go on.

VELL. Hem—the contract then goes into the question of marriage settlements, as also about the consideration in this second contract. (*takes up paper*)

BUTT. What second contract?

VELL. The ante-nuptial settlement of Mr. Frederick Butterscotch and Miss Caroline Macclesfield.

FRED. Oh, you dear old chap. (*crosses to R.; to MRS. MACCLESFIELD*) Would you mind changing places. (*MRS. MACCLESFIELD gives her place to him*)

BUTT. Oh! (*aside; quickly*) A third and last light breaks in upon me.

CAR. Now it gets interesting.

MRS. M. Hush, look at the old gentleman.

BUTT. Theodore Macclesfield, junior, you love my daughter?

THEO. As I have been telling you for the last hour.

BUTT. And you came to see her daily in my garden?

THEO. "Herself the fairest flower."

BUTT. Oh, Kate—Kate——

KATE. Oh, papa, but he's so much nicer than Mr. Jobling.

AUR. (*aside to KATE, and pointing to THEODORE*) Then that is not Jobling junior, is it?

KATE. No—that's Theodore.

AUR. Oh! Ah! (*aside*) Never again shall I superintend other people's love-affairs.

BUTT. (*aside*) There is such a quantity of light streaming in upon me now that I cannot see quite clearly. (*to OLD MACCLESFIELD*) Then you weren't— (*turning to MRS. MACCLESFIELD*) At least it was you that— (*turning to AURELIA*) Then you didn't— (*turning to THEODORE*) Consequently it was not you that— (*turning to JELICOE*) Didn't you—yes—you did—— (*suddenly*) Oh, my head—my head!

OLD M. Gay merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

JELL. (*aside*) I may be wrong; but I think I had better go. (*going out he collides with GREGORY, who enters with his sister, c.*) Confound you! (*Exit JELICOE at back, c.*)

GREG. I've brought Susan with me, sir. (*to her*) Now then, Susan, hold up afore the company.

Enter ULLAGE C. back, with telegram.

ULL. Telegram, sir. (*gives it to BUTTERSCOTCH, who opens and reads it*)

BUTT. Ha—from old Jobling—Yorkshire—and he here an hour ago? Never—"My son has fractured his leg out hunting. Sorry cannot leave him." (*aloud to GREGORY*) Who the deuce are you—eh?

GREG. The new groom, sir.

BUTT. The new—(*collapses*) Oh!

GREG. At your service. (*goes up. Exit, R.C.*)

Enter MAC TODDY, D.

MAC. T. (L.C.) Now, sir, for the last time——

BUTT. Stop, sir—you're not Jobling?

MAC. T. No, sir, I'm not Jobling. I just came for a top-coat.

BUTT. A top-coat. (*rapidly*) Another light bursts in upon me. A name inside! The Mac—— (*takes top-coat from side*)

MAC. T. The MacToddy—of that ilk.

OMNES. Ah - ! (BUTTERSCOTCH *throws coat at him*)

MAG. T. (takes it aside) I've got my coat. (*Exits, L.C.*)

BUTT. (*suddenly*) Freddy, my boy—

FRED. Yes, dad ! (*rises*)

BUTT. You shall be married on the same day as your sister.

CAR. Oh ! s.r, we're so much obliged to you.

FRED. Carrie, I've often promised you a treat: You may kiss the gov nor. (*seizing BUTTERSCOTCH's hand*) Dear old dad.

OLD M. Give us a hug, old 'ooman. (*music till end*)

BUTT. "So pass the gloomy clouds of doubt away,
And faith renewed foretells a happier day."

AUR. "Beware, my lord, of jealousy. You see
To what it m'ght have brought us, but for *me*."

KATE. Your zeal, I'm sure, our happiness assisted.

THEO. (*to her aside*) She held the skein, dear, but the silk
was twisted.

(*aloud to AURELIA*) We own our bliss is all of your
creation.

GREG. Well, anyhow, I keeps my situation.

MRS. M. Come, never mind, here's fortune and fair
weather,

CAR. Long may they last, love, while you sail together.
(*shyly*) You see, dear Fred, its turned out for the
best.

FRED. You may begin to build that little nest.
I twig, the male-bird, though it sounds unkind,
Will, for the future, leave his larks behind :
And, speaking now as man, declares to marry,
And sail through life the chief mate of "THE
CARRIE !"

OLD M. He's bought her ; Lord, there never was no fear,
'Cos all along our sailing was so clear.

(*to AUDIENCE*) My course was definite, you understand—

I've had to square THE GOVERNOR—YOUR
'And !!

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